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HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS,

BY

ALEXANDER HUME.

REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF

WALDEGRAVE, 1599.



EDINBURGH, MDCCCXXXII.

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PREFACE.

ALEXANDER HUME, the Author of the following Poems, was the second son of Patrick, fifth Baron of Polwarth, from whom the family of Marchmont are descended. He was born about the year 1560, probably at Polwarth in Berwickshire, and passed through the usual academical course at St Andrews, where, it is supposed, he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in St Mary's College, in 1574.[1] The only account we possess of his early life, is contained in his poetical epistle to Gilbert Moncreiff, the King's physician, written when about thirty years of age, in which he has "set down the experience of his youth." From this letter it appears that he resided four years in France; and, being destined for the bar, it is probable that, according to the custom of the period, he pursued the study of law at one of the universities in that country. On his return to Scotland, he commenced his professional attendance in the courts of justice; but after three years' experience, retired

[1] See, however, the note to page v. respecting a person of the same name who studied at St Leonard's College, a few years later.

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altogether from the legal profession, disgusted with the corrupt and venal practices, which were at that time so intolerable a grievance in all legal proceedings, and which appear not to have been confined to the lower agents and officers of the courts, but to have extended even to the bench itself.

Equally unsuccessful in his endeavour to obtain distinction as a courtier, and equally dissatisfied with the abuses and the immorality which prevailed in the royal court, no less than in the halls of justice, he ultimately directed his views to the church; a change which appears to have been the result of a mental struggle between the desire of secular advancement and objects of a higher nature; and which was obviously adopted, more from an awakened sense of the importance of divine truth, than from any hope of worldly advantage.

In the year 1598, he was appointed minister of Logie, in the neighbourhood of Stirling, where he continued till his death, which took place on the 4th December, 1609.[1] And we cannot doubt that, in fulfilling the humble duties of this parochial charge, a calling which he had adopted from the most conscientious motives, he at length experienced that inward peace and satisfaction, for which he had vainly sought in any worldly pursuit.

The minister of Logie is mentioned by Row, in his MS. History of the Church of Scotland, among the number of those

[1] Records of the Presbytery of Stirling. Hume's immediate predecessor as minister of Logie, was John Millar: his successor James Settoune. (Book of Assignations, &c., for the years 1597, and 1614.)

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"godlie and faithfull servants," whom he had personally known, and who had "witnessed against the hierarchy of prelates in this kirk." He likewise mentions a small treatise which Hume had left behind him, probably intended for publication. "As for Mr Alexander Hoome," says he, "minister at Logie besyde Stirlin, I nixt mention him: he has left ane Admonition behind him in write to the Kirk of Scotland, wherein he affirmes that the Bishops, who were then fast riseing up, had left the sincere ministers who wold gladlie have keeped still the good old government of the Kirk, if these corrupt ministers had not left them and it; earnestlie entreating the Bishops to leave and forsake that course wherein they were, els their defection from their honest brethren (with whom they had taken the Covenant) and from the cause of God, wold be registrate afterward to their eternale shame."

A small tract, which answers this description, entitled, "Ane afold Admonition to the Ministerie of Scotland, be ane deing Brother," is still preserved in Wodrow's collection of MSS. in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates; and has been inserted in the Appendix to this volume.

At first, it is probable that these "Spiritual Songs" were handed about in manuscript, accompanied by the "Address to the Scottish Youth;" but after the author's appointment to the parish of Logie, his sacred poems obtained a wider circulation. They were printed at Edinburgh in 1599, by Robert Waldegrave, with some additions and the dedication to Elizabeth

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Melville, Lady Culross. This lady, "the godlie daughter of a faithful father," was daughter of Sir James Melville of Hall-hill, and obtained the title of Lady Culross by her marriage with John Colville, eldest son of Alexander, Commendator of Culross. The only verses by Lady Culross, which have been preserved, are, a sonnet addressed to Mr John Welch, during his imprisonment in the Castle of Blackness, and "Ane Godlie Dream," a composition of great beauty, which was long popular among the Scottish Presbyterians.[3] Its poetical merits, as well as the spirit of humble and fervent piety which it exhibits, fully justify Hume's panegyric on the talents and character of this "faithfull and vertuous ladie."

The Address to the Scottish Youth, in which Hume exhorts them to imitate his example, in avoiding "profane sonnets and vain ballads of love, the fabulous feats of Palmerine, Amadis, and such like reveries," is strikingly expressive of the feelings with which the Presbyterians regarded such compositions; justly considering them as a species of seduction peculiarly dangerous to their cause, as inimical to the self-denying virtues of the reformed religion, and as calculated to keep alive a taste for the pompous ceremonies and convenient indulgence of the Romish Church. All poetry, therefore, except of a religious nature, was prohibited; and to this, among other circumstances, may be attributed the discredit which soon overtook most of the

[3] Reprinted from the original edition of 1603, in "Early Metrical Tales," &c. Edinburgh: 1826, 12mo. pp. xxix-xxxii. and 147-169.

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early poets of the sixteenth century. Sir David Lindsay, indeed, continued to enjoy his popularity, but much of this was no doubt owing to the severity with which he had satirized the vices of the clergy, and exposed the superstitious absurdities of popery.

Some uncertainty has arisen respecting the author of this little volume, in consequence of there having been two other persons of the same name, who were students along with him in St Mary's College at St Andrews;[4] one of whom took his degree of Master of Arts in 1571, the other in 1572. The former is supposed to have been Alexander Hume, who was minister of Dunbar in 1582; the other was appointed Master of the High School of Edinburgh in 1596, and was author of various theological treatises, and of a Latin Grammar, which the Privy Council in 1612, in pursuance of an Act of Parliament, appoint-

[4] A fourth person of the name of Alexander Hume was a student at St Leonard's College, St Andrews, nearly at the same time, having entered in the year 1578. The following lines by him are written on the last leaf of the manuscript of Bellenden's translation of the first five books of Livy, preserved in the Advocates' Library.

Fyve buikes ar here by Ballantyne translated,
Restis yet ane hundred threttie fyue behind;
Quhilkis if the samyn war alsweill compleated,
Wald be ane volume of ane monstrous bind.
Ilk man perfytes not quhat they once intend,
So fraill and brittle ar our wretched dayes;
Let sume man then begine qr he doeth end,
Giue him the first, tak thame the secund praise.
No, no! to Titus Liuius giue all,
That peerles prince for feattis historicall.

M. A. Hume, *St Leonardes.*

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ed to be used in all the schools in the kingdom.[5] It has also been erroneously supposed that Alexander Hume was the author of the "Flytings," or invectives, addressed to Montgomerie under the name of Polwart. Our author has indeed admitted, that, in his youth, he practised a lighter style of poetry, "delighting himself in such fantasies after the manner of riotous young men;" but there can be no doubt, that the verses in question were the production of his elder brother Patrick Hume, "the young laird of Polwart," who at that time belonged to the royal household, and was in high favour with James VI. Fortunately both the combatants, in this poetical contest, have left specimens of poetry more creditable to their taste and genius,[6] than this celebrated "Flyting," which is chiefly remarkable for a degree of gross and vulgar scurrility, which even the rudeness of the age in which it was written can scarcely excuse.

The original volume now reprinted for the Club, was presented to the University of Edinburgh by William Drummond of Hawthornden, and is of great rarity and value, not more than three copies being known. In the Advocates' Library is a MS. copy of the Hymns, written perhaps soon after the year 1600,

[5] See Dr M'Crie's Life of Melville, vol. ii. pp. 298-302, 315-316, and 499-504, for various interesting notices respecting the two individuals above mentioned, the last of whom having left Edinburgh in 1606, was successively Rector of the Grammar School of Salt-Preston, and of Dunbar, where he was in the year 1617.

[6] A collected edition of Montgomery's Poems, with a life by Dr Irving, appeared in 1821, 8vo. And a poem addressed to James the Sixth, by Sir Patrick Hume, entitled "The Promine," &c. is reprinted from the original edition of 1580, in "Select Pieces of the Early Popular Poetry of Scotland." Edinburgh, 1823, 4to.

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but, notwithstanding some trifling differences, in all probability transcribed from the printed book.[7]

Like many similar publications, this little volume of Hume's long remained in obscurity, and much of the author's reputation in modern times is owing to the zeal and intelligence of the late Dr Leyden, who republished the poem entitled "Of the Day Estival," in his volume of "Scottish Descriptive Poetry."[8] The same poem has been transferred by Mr Campbell to his "Specimens of the British Poets."[9]

Through the whole of Hume's poems there appears a quick perception and deep feeling for the beauties of external nature, and his selection of poetical images is generally pleasing and judicious. His phraseology is perhaps not the most suitable for poetical purposes, but his works every where evince a purity of sentiment, and breathe the aspirations of a humble and truly pious heart, which cannot fail to command respect.

[7] A list of the chief variations is given at the end of the volume.

[8] Edinburgh, 1803, 12mo, p. 193—214. [9] Vol. ii. p. 238—247.

70, Great King Street, April 1832.

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HYMNES,

OR SACRED SONGS,

wherein the right vſe of Poëſie

may be eſpied.

Be Alexander Hume.

WHEREVNTO ARE ADDED,

the experience of the Authors youth,

and certaine precepts ſeruing to the

practiſe of Sanctification.

The table followes in the next page.

Epheſ. 5. 18.

But be full filled with the Spirit, ſpeaking vnto your ſelues in Pſalmes, and Hymnes, and ſpirituall ſongs ſinging and making melodie to the Lord in your hearts.

EDINBVRGH,

Printed by Robert Walde-graue,

Printer to the Kings Majeſtie. 1599.

Cum privilegio regio.

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The Contents of this Booke.

1 The Authors Recantation.
2 Of Gods benefites beſtowed vpon man.
3 A deſcription of the day Eſtiuall.
4 Conſolation to his ſorrowfull ſoule.
5 Praiſe for deliuerie of the ſick.
6 Of Gods omnipotencie.
7 The triumph of the Lord after the maner of men, alluding to the defait of the Spaniſh Nauie, in the yeare 1588.
8 The humiliation of a ſinner.
9 An Epiſtle to maſter GILBERT MONCREIFF Mediciner to his Majeſtie, containing the experience of the Authors youth.
10 Chriſtian precepts ſeruing to the practiſe of Sanctification.

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TO THE FAITH-

FVLL AND VERTVOVS

Ladie, Elizabeth Mal-vill, Ladie Cum-

rie, grace, mercie, and peace, from God *the father, and from our Lord* Ieſus Chriſt.

WHEN I read that Epiſtle written by the Apoſtle Iohn, vnto an elect Lady (beloued in the Lord Ieſus) I cal to mind the Godly & elect Ladies in this our age, which within this country are knowne vnto mee. Of the which number I count you to be one, euen a Ladie choſen of God to bee one of his ſaincts, and the Godlie daughter of a faithfull father: for the children of God have their owne marks. Therefore when I firſt perceaued the ſpiritual conference, the graue behauiour, the feruent zeale, and the great ſenſe of naturall corruption, with the ſtrange reſiſtance of the ſame that was in you: I thinke them as infallible ſignes of Sanctification: Let no man ſuſpect me of flatterie, for I ſpeake not after the fleſh. Nather feare I (Siſter) that this my commendation puff you vp: for where the ſpirit of Ieſus dwelles, there is humility: But rather that thereby ye ſhal be ſtirred vp & incouraged to perſeuere, and grow in Godlines. It is a rare thing

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to ſee a Ladie, a tender youth, ſad, ſolitare, and ſanctified, oft ſighing & weeping through the conſcience of ſinne. Would to God that all the Ladies of this Land, eſpecially they of the greateſt ranke, were of the like modeſt and godlie diſpoſition: for the moſt part of them we ſee, to delite mair in couetouſnes & in oppreſſiō of the puire for the intertainement of their pride, or elſe to ſpend their dayes in chambering, wantōnes, decking of their bodies, in delicat feeding, and in ſatisfying their luſtes, nor to haue ane incorrupt and holie hart, with a meik and quiet ſpirit. Araying themſelues in cumly apparel, with ſhamefaſtnes and modeſtie, and with good workes, as the Apoſtles of Ieſus Chriſt hath commanded them. 1 Tim. 2. 9. 1. Pet. 3. 3. Let ſuch women remember that a day they ſhall appeare & giue a compt before the judgement ſeat of Chriſt, and ſhall receaue a rewarde in their bodies according to their workes. I would wiſh them to haue this weightie ſaying of the Apoſtle euer recent in memorie, as a dicton: *Shee that liues in pleaſure, is dead vvhile she liueth.* 1 *Tim.* 5. 6. But yee liue more in murmuring and in paine: Therefore yee ſhall rejoyce eternallie. Now to come to the point, hauing compoſed in my youth a few ſonges in verſe to the glorie of God: ſeeing the cuſtome of men is to dedicate their workes to their fauorites and patrones: Shall it not be lawfull to me alſo, after the maner of men, to preſent vnto you (a faithfull and beloued Ladie) a part of my little labours? And ſa meikle the rather, becauſe I know ye delite in poeſie yourſelfe; and as I vnfainedly confes, excelles any of your ſexe in that art, that euer I hard within this nation. I haue ſeene your compoſitiones ſo copious, ſo pregnant, ſo ſpirituall, that I doubt not but it is the gift of God in you. Finally, becauſe ſo little a worke as this is, requires a ſhort epiſtle, I take

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take my leaue, not doubting but my good meaning ſhall be fauorablie accepted. Continue (good Ladie & ſiſter) in that Godlie courſe which ye haue begun: let nothing be done vpon oſtentation. Loue your Huſband: haue a modeſt care of your familie, and let your cheefe care be caſten vpon the Lord Ieſus, who will recompenſe vs at his comming. To God therefore the Father, & our Lord Ieſus Chriſt, be all praiſe for euer, Amen. At *Logie* the 16. of Februarie. 1598.

Your brother in the Lord Ieſus, Alexander Hume
Minister of the Evangell.

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To the Scottish youth.

AS It is a thing verie customable vnto thee, O curious youth, greatūly to delite in poesie, ather by playing the parte of a poet thy selfe, or by exercising thy spirit in reading and proclaiming the compositions of other men: So is it as common to thy indiscreit age to make a chuse of that naughtie subject of fleshly and vnlawfull loue. In such sort that in Princes courts, in the houses of greate men, and at the assemblies of yong gentilmen and yong damesels, the chiefe pastime is, to sing prophane sonnets, and vaine ballats of loue, or to rehearse some fabulos faits of Palmerine, Amadis, or other such like raueries; & such as ather haue the art or vaine poetike, of force they must shew themselues cunning followers of the dissolute ethnike poets, both in phrase and substance, or else they shall be had in no reputation. Alas for pittie! Is this the right vse of a Christians talent to incense the burning lustes of licentious persons by such euill examples and allurements? Art thou (O miserable man) well occupied, that day & night busies thy braine to invent these things which may foster the filthie vice and corruption that naturallie is seased in the harts of all men? Was it to this end, that thy maker sent thee in the world, to be an instrument of wickednes? or hes he giuen thee such gifts, and viuacitie of spirit, to be exercised in vanitie, and prouoking others to vncleannes? knowes thou not that thou must render account of euerie idle word that proceedes out of thy mouth? And that thy vngodlie conversation banishes the Spirit of GOD from thee? suffocats thy gude gifies, rottis thy conscience, and makis thy GOD to become ane Enemie against thee. What count thinkes thou to giue vnto the iust

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iust and fearefull iudge of the world (who doubtles will craue it of thee, thou knawes not how suddainely) that hath employed thy time, and abused his good giftes after this manner? I think the consideration of it the more terrible, because sometime I delighted in such fantasies myselfe, after the maner of riotous young men: and vvere not the Lord in mercie pulled me a backe, & wrought a great repentance in me, I had doubtlesse run forward and employed my time & studie in that prophane and vnprofitable exercise, to my owne perdition. For vvhat seekes man by that kind of studie? nothing but a name, but a vaine praise, and an vndeserued commendation. Why shuld thou not then (aspiring youth) rather bestowe thy gude gifts to the right vse, to wit, to the glory of God, and to the weil of thy brethren? which thow sall do when by thy poesie or prose thow declares the mercie, the iustice, the power, the providence, the wisedome, the holines, the gudenes, or wondrous works of thy God vnto the world: Whereof thow may haue so large a field in the scriptures, that al thy pithie words, thy figures of Rhetoricke, thy subtile argumentes, thy skill in physicke, metaphysicke, mathematicke, or morall philosophie, shal not be sufficient to expres the dignitie thereof. Would thou intreat of prodigious miracles? luke the bookes of Genesis and Exod, or the workes of our Sauiour, of the Prophets and Apostles. Would thow haue a subiect of valiant deids of armes? read the buikes of Iosua and the Iudges. And of the Kings of Israel & Iudah. Wald thou haue store of wise sentences? read the Prouerbs, and Ecclesiastes. Walde thou haue a subiect of loue? looke the song of songs, of the loue betuixt Christ and his kirk. Would thow reioyce or lament, praise or disprais, comfort or threaten, pray or vse imprecation? Imitat the ald Hebrew Dauid in his Psalmes, as a paterne of all heavinly poesie. In a word, the high & holy mysteries, & felicitie of the life to come, conteined in the auld & new testament, may be a more noble and worthie subiect, vvherevpon the hole cunning and Eloquence of mans loftie Spirite should be employed

nor

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nor vpon these trifles, & sensuall villanies. But thou will peraduenture say, that such a subiect is ouer graue, and that a light & merrie matter were more agreeable to yong folks: I answere thee, that indeede vanitie and corruption are most agreeable to a corrupted nature: But let that mirrines wherin is sinne, be far from all good Christians. But if thou would meditate on this spirituall subiect, and exercise thyselfe in the Law of the Lord with continuance, thou should with time alter thy fleshlie affectiones, and nourish thy spirituall gifts: In such sorte, that thou shal detest that which is sensuall and brutish, and delight in that which is holie and pleasant in the sight of the Lord, and by thy example shall sturre vp others to doe the like: Heirefore, I haue heere set downe before thee, a few spirituall songs, begun in my youth, and prosecuted in my wraslings with the world, and the flesh, whereby thou may cleerely see what aboundance of good matter is offered, which the most parte of Poets foolishlie reiectes, and dedicates their hole studie to things moste vile and contemptible. Farther, I contemne not the moderate and trew commendation of the vertuous, & noble actes of good men: nor yet the extolling of liberall sciences; But thou hast notable examples in the French toong set foorth by Salust *of* Bartas. *Onely thus much haue I written in rude Scottish and hask verses, to prouoke the more skilfull in that art to flee higher, and to encourage the meaner sort to follow. To the effect, that the spirits of men in all their actions may be applyed to the right end, euen to glorifie God, who must euer sanctifie & prosper the interprises of his owne. At* Edinburgh *the* 9 *day of* december, 1594.

Thy louing friend,
Alexander Hume.

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A Sonnet of Loue.

NOt lawfull loue, bot lecherie I lacke:
Not women wiſe, but witleſſe I diſdaine:
Not conſtant trueth, but tromperie I detract:
Not innocence, but inſolence prophaine:
Not bleſſed bands, but ſecreite working vaine:
As *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe* tuike on hand,
As *Iaſon* and *Medea* made their traine,
As *Dæmophon* and fooliſh *Phillis* fand,
As *Hercules* at *Iolëes* command,
Which like a wife for loue ſat downe to ſpin.
And finally all follie I gainſtand,
Which may allure the heart to ſhame or ſin:
Beware with vice, be not the cauſe of ill,
Sine ſpeak, & ſport, look, laugh, & loue your fill.

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THE HYMNES AND

ſacred ſongs, of Alexander Hume.

His Recantation. 1.



Lace, how lang haue I delayed,
To leaue the laits of youth?
Alace, how oft haue I eſſayed,
To daunt my laſciue mouth?
And make my vaine polluted thought,
My pen, and ſpeach prophaine,
Extoll the Lord, quhilk made of nocht,
The heauen, the earth, and raine?

Skarſe nature yet my face about,
Hir virile wob had ſpun,
Quhen als oft as Phœbea ſtout:
Was ſet againſ the Sun:
Zea, als oft as the fierie flames,
Ariſe and ſhine abrod,
I minded was with ſangs and Pſalmes,
To glorifie my God.

Bot ay the cancred carnall kind,
Quhilk lurked me within,
Seduced my hart, withdrew my mind,
And maid me ſclaue to ſin.
My ſenſis, and my ſaull I ſaw,
Debait a deadly ſtrife,
Into my fleſh I felt a law,
Gainſtand the law of life.

Euen as the falcon high, and hait,
Furth fleeing in the ſky,

With

With wanton wings hir game to gaik,
Disdaines her callers cry:
So led away with liberty,
And drowned in delight,
I wandred after vanitie,
My vice I giue the wight.

Bot (Lord) now from thy haly throne,
Bow downe thy luifing eye,
At last I mourne, I make my mone,
I turne my selfe to thie.
Oh: If this fragil flesh uncleane,
Had neuer had na lust,
Or that I had not formed bein,
Of filthie wormes and dust.

Ah: if I neuer had bin thrall,
To these infirmities,
Quhilk causes men so oft to fall,
In foolish fantasies:
Or had nocht had a sinfull hart
Ingrafted in my breast,
Quhilk makes me from my God depart,
Ilk houre of day at least.

Then shuld I haue from sin bin free,
And neuer seene the graue:
Bot (Lord) be mercifull to me,
I knaw not what I craue.
Thy wonders are not wrought to please,
Wans foolish appetite,
Bot as seemes gud into thine eyes,
And for thine owne delite.

For to our wauering wit, thy warks,
Waist secreit are not shawin,
And to what end thy wisedome marks,
To catiues is vnknawin,
Euen things impossible (think we)
Thy prouidence diuine,

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Brings them to pas as pleaſeth thee,
And all the praiſe is thine.

Pſal.103.8. Bot ſuffering Lord to anger ſlaw,
To mercie reddie bent,
Wair glad on ſinners grace to ſhaw,
Nor thay are to repent:
Gen.19.21. That Zoar ſau'd for luife of Lot,
And cauſe of Godly men,
Wald haue remitted Sodoms ſpot,
Gen.18.32. And Gomorah for ten.

That was to wraik in fortie dayes,
Ionah. 3. 4 the men of Niniuie,
10. Bot when they left their wicked waies,
Forgaue them fatherlie:
That did not from thee plaint thine eares,
Iohn. ii. 32, 12. 3. Nor yet the vile diſpiſe,
Math. 26. Of Magdalene nor Peters teares,
70. 75. Quha thee denyed thriſe.

Avert thy wraith, my ſaull releeue,
Within my body bun,
Wy greeuous ſinnes of grace forgiue,
Throw Jeſus Chriſt thy ſun:
Thy halie ſprit in me let reſt,
To teach me what to craue,
For why? thy wiſedome knawes far beſt,
Whereof I miſter haue.

Grant that theſe inſtruments of ſhame,
Quhilks dayly do offend,
Way ſerue and ſanctifie thy name,
Unto my liuis end.
Bot ſen ſo lang as in the race,
Of mortall men I rin,
I cannot of my ſelfe, alace!
Abſtaine fra vice and ſin.

Zit neuer ſuffer me to fall,
So deepely in diſdaine,

That

That there na farder hope at all,
Of mercie may remaine:
Or may be frustrate of the fude,
Whereof thy saincts are sure,
Or of that blist beatitude,
Which euer sall endure.

Oh, let me not the merites lose,
Of my redeemer deare,
Bot when I waill with weeping vose,
Lord, to my plaint give eare.
Ye though I oft decline from thee,
And greeuously doo fall,
Let Jesus bitter death ay be,
Ane recompense for all.

O mightie God! quhilk for thy gloir,
May animat the stains,
And make the sowking babes adore,
Thy maiestie atains:
That maid thy Prophets mouths reveill,
Thy mysteries grit to cum,
And did the tung inutile heill
Of Zacharie that was dum.

That gaue thy seruant Dauid king,
A scepter for a staffe,
Syne made him sacred Psalmes to sing,
a hundreth and a halfe,
And thine Apostles preaching sweit,
With vertue did inspire,
And send them downe thy haly spreit,
In clouen tungs of fire.

Lift vp mine hart, my lips disclose,
My tendered tung vntie,
Then sall my singing saull reioyce,
And flee aboue the skie:
Blis thou my work, be my support,
My teacher, and my guyde,

Psal. 8. 2.

Luk. 1. 64.

1 Sam. 16. 11. 12.

Acts, 2. 3.

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Then ſall my mouth thy praiſe report,
Through all the world ſo wide.

Then ſall my ſacred pen delite,
Induring all my dayes,
Thy wondrous works in verſe to write,
Fiue hundred diuers waies:
Euen on my iolie Lute, by night,
And trimling triple ſtring,
I ſall withall my minde and might,
Thy glorie gladlie ſing.

Then they that ſall thy puiſſance heir,
And tender clemencie,
Sall mooued be with luiſe and feare,
To praiſe and worſhip thee:
Zee when my ſpirit is paſt away,
Among the godlie goſtes,
Yet ſall the reader ſigh, and ſay,
Bliſt be the Lord of hoſtes.

Of Gods benefites beſtowed

vpon man. II.

My ſaull is reueiſt vp fra me, my reſon is bereft,
my ſenſis are aſtoneiſt all, my mind hir vſe hes left,
Wy memorie is quite confuſde, tranſported is mine hart,
Wy ſpreit is in ane extaſie, as I were to depart:
When as the gratious gifts of God profoundly I perpend,
Beleiſing ay to compas all, bot can not find ane end:
I maruel mair the mair I muſe, the mair I knawledge craue,
Of hid and halie things, the mair my ſelfe I doo diſcreaue:
Waiſt like a man quhilk dois behald, the face of Phœbus bright,
And thinks throgh earneſt luking lang, to perſe it with his ſight,
His optik beims trenſperſis nocht, his vewing is in vaine,
The fers reflex his dimmed ſight, reponſis back againe:
Sa when I cannot comprehend with weake & wauering thoght,

Nor

Nor penetrat Gods nightie warks, ſa weill & wiſely wrought,
I am compelled then to cry, O Lord, thy gifts are good,
My dull capacitie they pas, I am but fleſh and bloud.
Great God, thy giftes are infinite, euen granted vnto man,
Whereof a part I ſall recite, as truely as I can:
Exhauſe my prayer and thy praiſe, ſhaw me thy lifelie light,
Thy benefits, and bountie baith, that I may ſing aright.
When Lucifer the Prince of pride, firſt interpriſed euill,
And from his happy hie eſtate, was changed in a devill,
Great was the number, and the fall of his vnhappie ſect,
Quhilk fearefully from heauen to hell, the Lord he did deiect:
Their was na light of day as yet, nor ſhining beims ſo cleare,
The Moone yet in the firmanent, nor ſternis did nocht appeare,
Their was na earth to foſter fruits, nor for the fiſhes ſeyes,
Na ſubtile fire, nor haillſome air, to fluriſh flowres or treis,
Nor finally, man was not made, na beaſt nor creeping thing,
Na ſkaillie fiſhes in the fluds, nor foull that flies on wing,
With pure immortall creatures clear, and ſangs of Angels bright
The maieſtie of God was praiſd, with louings loud on hight.
Bot yet his great beneficence, quhilk euer mair hes bein,
But meſor large and infinite, the heauens could not conteine,
Abundantly deborded all, and flowing heir, and there,
Waiſt plentiouſly repleniſt all, extending euerie where,
Euen be his wiſedome, and his word, ſa wondrouſlie of nocht, Iohn, 1.
This machin round, this vniuers, this vther warld he wrocht:
He creat firſt the heauen, the earth, and all that is thairin, Geneſ. 1.
The ſwelling ſeas, the fire, and aire, ſine man deuoid of ſinne.
Neceſſitie it mooued him nocht, nor hope of future gaine,
Sic paſſions falls not in the Lord, but in his ſicht ar vaine:
Bot for his pleaſure and his praiſe, his precepts to fulfill,
And laſt in peace for to poſſeſſe, his higb and holy hill, Geneſ. 2.7
A perfite comelie corps of man, he made of earthly duſt, Gen. 1. 26.
The vther part like to himſelfe, trew, holie, wiſe, and iuſt:
This lifely Image of the Lord, can not defaced be,
Na creature the creator knawis, nor worſhip can, but he:
In earth nane this character hes, ſaif onelie man him ſell,
Quhilk maks him maſter ou'r the beaſts, & ou'r the deuills in hell. Luk. 9. 1.

Then

Gen. 2. 7. 8. 22. Then in his deadlie viſage man, he braithed braith of life,
And gaue him of a weaker ſexe, to pleaſour him a wife,
Twa liuing and Immortall ſaulls, he bliſſed with his grace,
Gen. 1, 28. Syne placed them in Paradiſe, a peerles pleaſant place.
Quhat ſall I all the gifts recount, quhilk cannot numbred be,
Nair nor the gliſtering ſternes of heauen, or ſands into the ſea?
Quhilk with the Lord indued hes, baith Adam and his kinde,
Sick beautie of the bodie rare, ſick graces of the mind,
And for externall benefits, all things heare vnder heauen,
To pleaſour, and to profit man, hes he not freely gevin?
*The gifts of the bodie. *A ſeemely membred microcoſme he number, and he waight,
Be meaſour, and proportion iuſte, he maid erect and ſtraight,
And euerie member maid to haue a certaine ſympathie,
Amangs themſelues, and with the heauens a decent harmonie,
Quhilks dois their office execute, maiſt promptlie but delay,
As Inſtruments and organis preſt, thy will for to obay:
Sa ſharp the ſenſes they are all, intrinſick, and without,
That eaſely man may decerne of euerie darkeſome doubt:
The eyes ſa reddie are to ſee, ſo biſſie to behald,
With bemming blenks, & perſing luiks what ſa the fantaſie wald
The eares erected ar to heir, and quicklie to conceaue
Ilk liuelie voice, Ilk ſpeech, Ilk ſound, & knawis then be the leaue
The ſmelling noſtrels quick of ſent, thay ſmell or they come near
All odors, quhilks the eyen, nor eirs, can neither ſee, nor heir.
Of euerie ſubſtance ſapient, the ſapor and the taiſt
If it be ather gude or bad, the mouth will try in haiſt.
The helping hands appointed ar to graip, to feill and tuitche,
And diligent in doing ar quhair euer thay may reitche,
The Lord hes placed pith and ſtrength within the bains & nerks,
Agilitie into the blude, quhilk ſpilt the bodie ſterks.
The feit ar ſwift and members meit, for to ſuſteine the reſt,
And ſpedilie will pace and run quhair ſa man likis beſt.
All this externall qualities, and graces corporell,
Albeit they be baith great and gude, zit vthers dois excell,
How far the pure immortall ſaull in ſubſtance dois ſurpas,
The mortall, caduck, carnall corps (a lowrd and brukill mas:)
Als far the functions of the ſaull ſurmounts the bodyis micht,

The

The puiſſance, and perfection baith, the ſcience, and the ſlight,
For all theſe actions lodge in man, dois from the ſaull proceid:
Quhilk once diſſolued fra the corps, the bodie is but deid.
Euen as the fire dois animat, and pouſſis in the air,
A weightie & materiall ball, rebounding here and thair,
Bot when the flames extinguiſht are, downe fals the machin round
Sa when the actiue ſaull is gain, the bodie goes to ground.

The mightie God he gaue to man, a ſwift and agile thought, The gifts of the minde.
Quhilk like a foull vp through the ſkies, from earth to hevin hes (ſought,
A ſtrong imagination mixt, ilk figure to conſaue,
A quick revoluing reaſone rype to rewle all the laue,
A memorie for to conſerue, quhilk like a theſaure deepe,
All things conceaued in the heart, dois weill retaine and keepe.
I wonder at the wit of man, whome God hes made ſo wiſe,
That all things ſpeedefull for his vſe, he promptlie can deuiſe,
That can the preſent time obſerue, and call to mind the paſt,
Conſer and prudently eſpy, the future cumming faſt.

The naturall courſe and cauſes all, of euerie thing he knawes,
What moues the mighty thunderclaps, & windie tempeſts blaws
What maks the feareful flauches of fire, & lightnings in the ſkies
And why the ſhill and freeſing froſts, the waters deepe vpdryes,
And how the hard congealed yce, diſſolued is againe, (rain,
What forms the haile, the ſtormy ſnawes, & ſounding ſhowres of
Why thik infectiue miſts ſa marke, ore hails the earth and air,
And why the ſilver drops of dew, down fals in wedder fair,
Why oft the earth, quhilk of it ſelfe, is ſtable, firme, and ſteif,
With trimling and with awfull quaiks, in twa is like to cleif,
Why many diuers hewes appeirs, into the heauenly bow,
And why the raging Ocean ſeas, dois onely fleit and flow,
Why ſodainely the Sun by day, is priuate of his light,
And why the ſhining Moone at full, indures eclipſe by night,
Why monethly the Moone renewes hir hew, and hornes ſo paill,
Why monethlie hir fowle face is round, & lightned haill,
Why whylome in the firmament, ſtrange tailed ſterns appeirs,
Why whilome ſindrie ſhaps of beaſts, and flaming fire ſpeirs:
He knawes the reſtles courſe and race of all the planets ſeauen,

The influence and order great, of all the hoſte of heauen:
The forme and fabrik of the earth, and ample vniuers,
He knawes the force of euerie flower, of euerie plant and gers,
The vertue of all kinde of fruits, and euerie vegetal,
The properties of precious ſtanes, and mettals mineral,
He knawes the ſtrange inſtinctions all, of everie brutall beaſt:
Of fiſhes and of flichtring fouls, and reptils which are leaſt,
The rauenous and the raskall rout, wilde, venimous, & tame,
The hideous monſters meruellous man knaws them be their name:
And to be ſhort, he knowes him ſelfe, and his originall,
That he mon die, and after death the heauen inherit ſall.
The Lord hes be his word, his will reveild vnto his awin,
And made his counſaile, & his court to mankinde clearly knawne,
He Adame lent a libre will to follow what he liſt,
And with his holy ſpirit, and grace his choſen dois aſſiſt:
Man hes a fragrant freſhe ingyne all ſcience to invent,
A faire and flowing facund tung, till vtter his intent,
And all are giftes, and graces great which with the liuing Lord,
But meriting a mortall man diuinely hes decord.
I long to loue thy larges (Lord) and prudent prouidence,
But now of force I mon proceede, Lord proſper my pretence.
How worthie are the ſonns of men, and Adams catiue kinde,
That thou (great God) ſhould them regarde, or haue ſo much in mind,
Such thing is fantaſie to frame, & panſing vain procures
For what is all the vnivers, and liuing creatures?
All nathing worthie of themſelues, but as thou liſt of loue,
With graces them to digniſie, and highly to promove:
Man is a wark which thou hes made, ſa is the ſunne and moone,
Thou hes him plac'd aboue the reſt, thy holie will be done.

Externall benefites Deut. 28.3. With earthlie pleaſures manifold, man compaſt is about,
He pleaſed is in comming in, and glad in going out,
Ilk beautifull and pleaſant ſight, he pleaſure hes to ſee,
In hearing hes he not delite all kinde of facetie,
Ilk ſymphonie and ſeemely ſound is pleaſant to his eir,
Trew ſapience and ſcience baith, his hart delits to leir,
In ſmelling euerie ſavour ſweete he pleaſour hes perfite,

In

In taiſting euerie daintie diſh, he dayly hes delite,
To reaſon he reioyſing hes, to learne, to teache, and talke,
He recreation takis to read, to run, to ride, and walke,
By nicht to ly and ſoftly ſleepe, to reſt and to repoſe,
His helper to behald and treit he ſuirly may reioſe,
And as the Lord hes inſtitute to kiſſ hir pleaſant face,
Ane propagation for to make, in loue hir to imbrace.
The ioy, the welth, the mirth of man & pleaſour to compleit,
All things beneth the voult of heuin are ſterned vnder feit, Pſal.8. 5.6.
He is maiſt like ane God on earth, for God he gaue him charge Gen. 1. 28.
Du'r euerie bald and brutall beaſt, that feids in forreſts large,
ou'r euerie fleeing feathered fowle that ſwifteſt is of flight,
Du'r euerie ſwimming finned fiſh with ſhyning ſcales ſa bright:
our euerie litil creiping thing, or vther animant,
That in the ſea, the fire, or air, or on the earth dois haunt:
the fiers and hardy Elephant, the horſſes ſwift and ſtrang,
as brutalls braue and bellicoſe, the battles from amang,
From dangers they his bodie beir, or quhair he liſt to paſſe,
The Camell bears his charges great, the Mule and ſimple Aſſe,
the buſie beuſs, laborious beaſts they teill the fertile ground,
Leaſt man with wearines, and wark in bondage ſuld be bound:
all venneſon, and vther wilde they ſerue him at his neid,
The ſcheip, the nolt, & naughtie wormes they do him cleith & feid
the little friand fiſh in flude, and dentie volatil,
Quhilks ſhedds the waters, & the winds, he traps them at his wil
Baith cruell and abaſed beaſts that hants in banks and bewis,
In denns, deſerts, or cauerns deip, for paſtime he perſewis.
Not onely ou'r the beaſts on earth mans power dois extend, Math.10.11.
But ou'r the Dragon, beaſt of beaſts, a ſubtile ſerpent kend, Luk. 9. 1.
Above the deuill his deidlie fa, and frowart furies fell,
God gaue him might and moyen baith be force them to expell,
For thocht that enemie fell and fierce the ſtate of man invyis,
And aye in wait him to deuore maiſt like a Lyon lyis:
Yet all the fellon feinds of hell that trimble faſt for feare,
And ſtoups when as the awfull curs, & dreadful dume they heare,
Pronounced by the mouth of man, againſt that baikfull band,

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The rebels nather dow, nor dare the word of God gain-ſtand,
The ſecreits of religious rites, the ſacred ſacraments,
The bliſt Evangell maiſt of all, the tormentors torments.
The wark of man's redemption. But now flie far away, fra me ye curſed cateifs all,
Increduils hence ga hide you hie, the cluds are like to fall:
A myſterie high and halie baith, I ſing without delay,
Ye miſbeleeuers bide aback, flie (fugitiues) away.
My lips delights not now in lies, vaine fictions I refuſe,
The booke of God ſall be my guide, the holie ghaiſt my muſe.
Gen. 3. 6. 19. 23. When ſubtile Sathan had deceaued, the fragile femall Eue,
Who made the ſinles man conſent, defended fruict to preue,
Till eit againſt the Lords commaund, and greeuouſlie offend,
He baniſht was from bliſs to baill, to hell and death but end:
Iohn. 1. The Lord of mercie meſourles, man to redeeme againe,
From Sathan ſin, and ſecond death, from hell and endles paine:
Downe ſent the word, which with himſelfe had coeternall bein,
In eſſence with the father God, and deitie diuine,
Which was before beginnings all, or times were yet begon,
Begotten of the father God, and called is his Son,
Be whom al kind of things were made, within the machin round
The onely Son of God (I ſay) deſcended downe to ground,
And for the foule offence of man, the father thought it good,
Be vertue of the holie gaiſt, to make him fleſh and blood.
Sa great a wonder was not heard, ſen firſt the warld began,
The onely ſonne of God to be, both verie God and man,
Euen of a virgin to be borne, to ſuffer death and ſhame,
The ſacrifice for manly ſin, Chriſt Jeſus is his name,
Which on the third day after death, araſe foorth of the graue,
And gloriouſly paſt vp to heauen, the ſeede of man to ſaue,
Where at the right and holy hand, of God omnipotent,
He interceſſor ſits for ſick, as truely ſhall repent,
Quhilk puts their hope into his death, and praiſes God therfore,
They ſhall receaue eternall life, and crowned be with glore:
All graces he will giue to ſick, as dois him feare and ſerue,
And all without deſert, for what can wormes and duſt deſerue?
Na nathing (Lord) bot all proceids, and flowed firſt from thee.

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O mortels: ſen we merit not, yet let vs thankfull be,
Acknowledge what ſocietie ſure, it pleaſeth God to haue,
With all the humaine kind and how, he loues it by the laue:
For men on earth the marke of God, & Image bright he beares,
And Chriſt in heuen the nature weak, of man he waild & weares,
Chriſt vanquiſht death, the devill & hell, & hes ſuppreſt their heid,
He ſurely is the ſauiour ſweete, of ſinfull Adams ſeid.
Lord, loſe not thy redeemed flock, Chriſts death were then in vain
Bot let thy fauour and thy grace, with mortals ay remain:
And thou (O man) with all the gifts, wherewith thou art indued,
Extoll the Lord, let ay his praiſe, and glorie be renewed,
Thy domicile and dwelling place, Chriſt Jeſus hes prepard,
Aboue quhilk blis but end ſalbe thy laſt and beſt reward,
The word and couenant of the Lord, his promiſſes are ſure,
Wans ioy and mercies of the Lord, for euer ſhall indure.
But now my lips, and thou my Lute ming melodie amang
Againe vnto the mightie God, go ſing a newar ſang.

Of the day Eſtivall. III.

O Perfite light, quhilk ſchaid away,
The darkenes from the light,
And ſet a ruler ou'r the day,
Ane vther ou'r the night. Gen. 1. 4. 16.

Thy glorie when the day foorth flies,
Wair viuely dois appeare,
Nor at midday vnto our eyes,
The ſhining Sun is cleare.

The ſhaddow of the earth anon,
Remooues and drawes by,
Sine in the Eaſt, when it is gon,
Appeares a clearer ſky. The crepuſcule matutine

Quhilk Sunne perceaues the little larks,
The lapwing and the ſnyp,
And tunes their ſangs like natures clarks,

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Du'r midow, mure, and ſtryp.
  Bot euerie baiſ'd nocturnall beaſt,
Na langer may abide,
They hy away baith maiſt and leaſt,
Them ſelues in houſe to hide.
  They dread the day fra thay it ſee,
And from the ſight of men.
To ſaits, and couars faſt they flee,
And Lyons to their den.
  Dure Hemiſphere is poleiſt clein,
And lightened more and more,
While euerie thing be clearely ſein,
Quhilk ſeemed him before.
  Except the gliſtering aſtres bright,
Which all the night were cleere,
Diſuſked with a greater light,
Na langer dois appeare.

A deſcription of the morning.

  The golden globe incontinent,
Sets vp his ſhining head,
And ou'r the earth and firmament,
Diſplayes his beims abread.
  For ioy the birds with boulden throts,
Againſ his viſage ſhein,
Takes vp their kindelie muſicke nots,
In woods and gardens grein.
  Vp braids the carefull husbandman,
His cornes, and vines to ſee,
And euerie tymous artiſan,
In buith worke buſilie.
  The paſtor quits the ſlouthfull ſleepe,
And paſſis forth with ſpeede,
His little camow-noſed ſheepe,
And rowtting kie to feede.
  The paſſenger from perreis ſure,
Gangs gladly foorth the way:
Breiſe, euerie liuing creature,

Takes

Takes comfort of the day,
The ſubtile mottie rayons light,
At riſts thay are in wonne,
The glanſing thains, and vitre bright,
Reſplends againſt the ſunne.

The dew vpon the tender crops,
Lyke pearles white and round,
Or like to melted ſilver drops,
Refreſhes all the ground.

The myſtie rocke, the clouds of raine,
From tops of mountaines ſkails,
Cleare are the higheſt hils and plaine,
The vapors takes the vails.

Begaried is the ſaphire pend,
With ſpraings of ſkarlet hew,
And preciouſly from end till end,
Damaſked white and blew.

The ample heauen of fabrik ſure,
In cleannes doís ſurpas,
The chryſtall and the ſiluer pure,
Or cleareſt poleiſt glas.

The time ſa tranquill is and ſtill,
That na where ſall ye find,
Saiſe on ane high, and barren hill,
Ane aire of peeping wind.

All trees and ſimples great and ſmall,
That balmie leiſe do beir,
Nor thay were painted on a wall,
Na mair they moue or ſteir.

Calme is the deepe, and purpour ſe,
Yee ſmuther nor the ſand,
The wals that woltring wont to be,
Are ſtable like the land.

Sa ſilent is the ceſſile air,
That euery cry and call,
The hils, and dails, and forreſt fair,

Againe repeates them all.

The riuers freſh, the callor ſtreames,
Du'r rockes can ſoftlie rin,
The water cleare like chryſtall ſeames,
And makes a pleaſant din.

The fields, and earthly ſuperfice,
With verdure greene is ſpread,
And naturallie but artifice,
In partie coulors cled.

The fluriſhes and fragrant flowres,
Throw Phœbus foſtring heit,
Refreſht with dew and ſiluer ſhowres,
Caſts vp ane odor ſweit.

The clogged buſie humming beis,
That neuer thinks to drowne,
On flowers and flouriſhes of treis,
Collects their liquor browne.

A deſcription of the midday. The Sunne maiſt like a ſpeedie poſt,
With ardent courſe aſcends,
The beautie of the heauenly hoſt,
Vp to our zenith tends.

Nocht guided be na Phaeton,
Nor trained in a chyre,
Bot be the high and haly on,
Quhilk dois all where inpire.

The burning beims downe from his face,
Sa fervently can beat:
That man and beaſt now ſeekes a place
To ſaue them fra the heat.

The brethles flocks drawes to the ſhade,
And frechure of their fald,
The ſtartling nolt as they were made,
Runnes to the rivers cald.

The heards beneath ſome leaffie trie,

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Amids the flowers they lie,
The ſtabill ſhips vpon the ſey,
Tends vp their ſails to drie.

The hart, the hynd, and fallow deare,
Are tapiſht at their reſt,
The foules and birdes that made thee beare,
Prepares their prettie neſt.

The rayons dures deſcending downe,
All kindlis in a gleid,
In cittie nor in borroughſtowne,
May nane ſet foorth their heid.

Back from the blew paymented whun,
And from ilk plaiſter wall:
The hote reflexing of the ſun,
Inflams the aire and all.

The labowrers that tinellie raiſe
All wearie faint and weake:
For heate downe to their houſes gaiſe,
Noone-meate and ſleepe to take.

The callowr wine in caue is ſought,
Wens brothing breiſis to cule:
The water cald and cleare is brought,
And ſallets ſteipt in vle.

Sume plucks the honie plowm and peare,
The cherrie and the peſche,
Sume likes the rime, and London beare,
The bodie to refreſh.

Forth of their ſkepps ſome raging bees,
Lyes out and will not caſt,
Some vther ſwarmes hyves on the trees,
In knots togidder faſt.

The corbeis, and the kekling kais,
May ſcarce the heate abide,

Halks prunzeis on the ſunnie brais,
And wedders back, and ſide.

With gilted eyes and open wings,
The cock his courage ſhawes,
With claps of ioy his breaſt he dings,
And twentie times he crawes.

The dow with whiſling wings ſa blew,
The winds can faſt collect,
Hir pourpour pennes turnes mony hew,
Againſt the ſunne direct.

A deſcription of the euening.

Now noone is went, gaine is mid-day,
The heat dois ſlake at laſt,
The ſunne deſcends downe weſt away,
Fra three of clock be paſt.

A little rule of braithing wind,
Now ſoftly can ariſe,
The warks throw heate that lay behind,
Now men may enterpriſe.

Furth fairis the flocks to ſeeke their fude,
On euerie hill and plaine,
Quhilk labourer as he thinks gude,
Steppes to his turne againe.

The rayons of the Sunne we ſee,
Diminiſh in their ſtrength,
The ſchad of euerie towre and tree,
Extended is in length.

Great is the calme for euerie quhair,
The wind is ſitten downe,
The reik thrawes right vp in the air,
Froyn everie towre and towne.

Their birdoning the bony birds,
In banks they do begin,
With pipes of reides the iolie birds,

Halds

Halds vp the mirrie din.

The Mauis and the Philomeen,
The Stirling whiſſilles lowd,
The Culchetts on the branches green,
Full quietly they crowd.

The crepuſcule veſpertine.

The gloming comes the day is ſpent,
The Sun goes out of ſight,
And painted is the occident,
With pourpour ſanguine bright.

The Skarlet nor the golden threid,
Who would their beawtie trie,
Are nathing like the colour reid,
And beautie of the sky.

Our Weſt Horizon circuler,
Fra time the Sunne be ſet,
Is all with rubies (as it wer)
Or Roſis reid ou'rſtret.

What pleaſour were to walke and ſee,
Endlang a riuer cleare,
The perfite forme of euerie tree,
Within the deepe appeare?

The Salmon out of cruiks and creils
Up hailed into skowts,
The bels, and circles on the weills,
Throw lowpping of the trouts.

O: then it were a ſeemely thing,
While all is ſtill and calme,
The praiſe of God to play and ſing,
With cornet and with ſhalme.

Bot now the birds with mony ſchout,
Cals vther be their name,
Ga Billie turne our gude about,
Now time is to go hame.

With bellie ſow the beaſtes beliue,
Are turned fra the corne,
Quhilk ſoberly they hameward driue,
With pipe and lilting horne.

Throw all the land great is the gild,
Of ruſtik folks that crie,
Of bleiting ſheepe fra they be fild,
Of calues and rowting ky.

All labourers drawes hame at even,
And can till vther ſay,
Thankes to the gracious God of heauen,
Quhilk ſend this ſummer day.

To his ſorrowfull ſaull, conſo- lation. IIII.

Immortall Spirit, my beſt, maiſt perfite part,
Why dois thou thus thy ſelfe conſume with caire?
O noble chieftain of my manly harte,
Why art thou thus with thought ou'r-ſet ſa ſaire?
Why is thy greefe augmented mair and mair?
Why art thou ſad, and ſorrie to the dead?
Why art thou almaiſt drowned in deepe diſpaire,
And comfort nane can finde, nor na remeid:
Heare in the fleſh thou taiſtis the paines of hell,
Thou vthers helps (my ſaull) now cure thy ſell.
My hart is faint, my fleſh conſumes away,
Within my vaines the bloud is ſkant and cald,
My bains thy bow, my ſtrength dois cleane decay,
My haires are ſchyre and gray, yer I be ald,
My march it melts, my febill limbs thy ſauld,
My skin is drie, my hide hes loſt the hew,
My force it faillis to do the thing I wald,
My bewtie faids, my face is paill and blew,

My

My ſight is dim, for ſunken ar mine eies
How in my head, and all throw thy diſeis.
Into this lyfe thow knawis their is na reſt,
But daylie paine, inconſtancie and griefe,
For quhen thow alwayis dois attend the beſt,
Perchance ſall come the greateſt new miſchiefe:
Thow knawis thy ſtay, and onely trew reliefe,
Quhair thou in thrall hes comfort fund before,
Imbrace thy God with prayer and beleife,
And in the end thow ſall triumph with glore:
Be ware and wiſe thy fais thee nocht begile,
Loſſe not thy right for ſuffring heare a quhile.
Thow hes not yet bein threttie yeirs and ane,
Into this fleſhlie priſon reſident,
And lo the halfe neereby the ſpace is gane,
Quhilk to remaine heere nature hes thee lent,
Yee natures courſe the Lord he will prevent,
And call thee hame, if that he thinke it good:
Or if he length this life, hald thee content,
And be commander of the fleſh and blood:
While thou art heare (my ſaull) ſee thou contend,
This point of time in worthie warks to ſpend.
Though thou a ſtranger be, and thinks great lang,
Anone thou ſall pas to thy native land,
The hieſt iudge he will reuenge thy wrang,
His ſentence ſure the earth can nocht gainſtand,
The day is neare, the hour it is at hand,
The mightie God will come without delay,
Deliuer ſall his awin afflicted band,
And from thine eyes ſall wipe the teares away:
Hope and reioiſe, for in the midds of ſtrife, Rev. 21. 1.
Thou ſall be ſure of comforte in this life.
And in the ende when deathe would thee devore,
Hir mortall ſtang ſall nocht take halde on thee,
Bot be hir meanes ſhe ſall thee quite reſtore,

Unto thine awin eternall libertie,
With little paine thou ſall diſſolued be,
Furth of the bands of fleſh where thou art bound,
Sine like a foull aloft ſall ſwiftlie flie,
And leaue the bodie breathles on the ground:
With agile wings thou ſall tranſcend the ſky,
In ſepulchree the corps ſall ſleiping ly.
The angels ſall with ſinging thee convoy,
Throw aire and fire vp to the heauens ſa bright,
Where thou ſall dwell in blis and perfite ioy,
With happie ſauls and meſſengers of light,
Free from the thoughts and ſorrowes of the night,
Voide of all care, calamitie and feare,
For of the Lord thou ſall inioy the ſight,
In whome all grace, and pleaſour ſall appeare.
1 Theſ. 4. 14. With Chriſt thy head thou happie ſall remaine,
To iudge the dead, while he returne againe.
O happie death to life the readie way,
The ende of greefe, and ſalue of ſorrowes all,
O pleaſant ſleepe thy paines they are bot play:
Thy coup is ſweete, although it taſte of gall,
Thou brings the bound, and wretched out of thrall,
Within the port ſure from the ſtormie blaſt,
For after death na miſchiefe may befall,
Bot wo, wan-chance, and perrels all are paſt,
Of kindely death nane ſuld affraied be,
Bot ſick as hope for na felicitie.
Mat. 24. The day ſall come when all the planets ſeauen,
Sall loſe their light, and mightie influence,
The gliſtering ſtarnis, and powers of the heauen,
Their force ſall faile, and haill magnificence,
The ſaincts of God ſall ſuffer violence,
The common courſe of mortall things ſall ſtay,
The liuely word ſall get na audience,
For pittie, loue, and lawtie ſall decay:
Then ſall the Sonne of man be ſene deſcend,

Quhilk

Quhilk to all things ſall put a finall ende.
It ſall be then as in the dayes of Noy,
When mortall men continued in their ſin,
They builde, they wed, thay drinke, they liue in ioy, Mat.24.37.
Into the arke while godlie Noy went in:
Yet feare ſall fall to heare the awfull din,
To ſee the ende and ſuddaine change of all,
The giltie minds abaiſedly ſall rin,
And wiſh the hils for feare on them to fall,
Bot vpright men ſhall clearelie vnderſtand,
Their ſure releeſe, and comforte is at hand.
The heauens aboue with noiſe ſhall paſſe away, 2.Pet.3.10.
And be diſſolued with hett conſuming fire,
The elements ſicklike that latter day,
Shall melt with heat and tyne their faire attire,
The ſea and earth, and all this haile impire,
Sall be brunt vp, and euerie thing ſhall burne,
Contain'd theirin, fleſh, bodie, bain, and lyre,
Man maid of aſhe to aſhes ſall returne:
Bot God the Lord, whoſe promiſſis are trew,
For heauen and earth hes height vs vthers new.
Who can deviſe? or yet be words expres? Iſa. 65. 17. 66. 22.
What hart can think? or high ingine invent? Reu.21.13.
The maieſtie the perfite holines,
The glorie great, the beautie excellent,
The ſhining light, the heauenly ornament,
The day, the way, or yet th' appointed place,
Of Chriſts deſcenſe, downe throw the firmament, Pſal.110.1.
When all his foes ſhall fall before his face? 1. Cor. 15. 25.
No (Lord) our wit na higher can atteine,
Nor be thy word is ſet before our eine.
As fierie flaughes with ſuddaine thundring thuds, Mat.24.27.
And glanſing gleims, ſhines all the world throughout:
Sa ſall the Lord appeare into the cluds, 1. Theſ. 4. 16.
With leaming light, and with a ſuddaine ſhout, Mat.24.31.
The angels cleare ſhall compas him about,

With

With mightie ſound the trumpets blaſt ſall blaw,
The dead ſall heare, and riſe all in a rout,
1 Cor. 15. 23. And all that ſleepe in Chriſt ſall thether draw:
Then thow (my ſaull) this body ſall reſume,
To meet the Lord and ſee the day of dume.
Ouid. 1. Metamor. fab. 7. Sum ſayis that Pyrrha women made of ſtains,
And men were formed be Deucalion.
1 Cor. 15. 15. But certainely of deid corrupted bains:
A livelie corps that day ſall riſe anone,
Yea be the word, and wark of God alone,
As kindly corne cummes of the rottin ſeid,
Or flowres reverts that withered were and gon:
Sa ſall all fleſh reuiue that taiſted deid,
Be ſea or land, ſen firſt the warld began:
1 Theſ. 4. 15. 16. This may the Lord, quhilk of duſt creat man.
Quhen all the dead obeyed hes the blaſt,
And clad themſelues with immortalitie,
Then ſall proceid the liuing at the laſt,
Quhilks ſall not ſleip, nor yet diſſolued be,
1 Cor. 15. 51. 52. 53. But in ane clap and twinkling of ane eye,
They ſall be chang'd, and all transformed new,
In ſubſtance pure, apt for eternitie,
Cleane, incorrupt, and of ane heauenly hew:
Swa baith the quick and dead ſall them prepare,
Syne mount and meit Chriſt Ieſus in the air.
1 Theſ. 4. 17. The iudge maiſt Juſt with iuſtice ſall proceid,
Quhair na defence, nor cautele, ſall availl,
Na butie, blude, nor riches ſall remeid,
But welth and wit, friends, force, and all ſall faill:
Quhen all the warld ſal be convened haill,
Before the throne, that feirfull ſight to ſe,
Mat. 25. 31. His awin elect the Lord ſall then out-waill,
At his right hand quhilks ſall all planted be.
Then ſall he ſay: Cum haue your right reward,
My bleſſed flock quhilk was for you prepard.
But at the left, and on the vther hand,

In

In quaiking dread, in miſerie and wo,
The dulefull troup of criminals ſall ſtand,
To whome the dume ſall be pronounced ſo: Mat.25.41.
O ye accurſt into the hels ye go:
For vglie devils a iuſt prepared byre,
Ye knew me not, therefore I know ye no,
Pas to be caſt in euerlaſting fire:
In dying death ye weeping ſall remaine,
And gnaſhing teeth, into the endles paine.
O tyrants proud, O ſtinking wormes and duſt,
O infidels and libertines prophain,
Ye obſtinate and Judges maiſt vniuſt,
Remord ye nocht to heare this ſpeiking plain?
Or think ye not that Chriſt ſhall cum again,
Though for a time he patiently you ſpair:
O brutall beiſts, your thoghts are falſe & vain,
Your puniſhment it is reſerued thair:
Watch and beware the dyet is vnkend, Mat.24.36.
Stoup and repent while ye haue grace to mend.
Then thou my ſaull with great triumph and glore,
With ſaincts aſſembled on the vther ſide,
Sall take the corps quhair thou was firſt before,
Unto the higb and holie cietie wide,
With melodie we ſall all thither glide,
Sing and reioyce even as the Lord hes ſaid,
Into that blis and laſting life to bide,
Prepaird for vs before the earth was laid:
So when the Sun hes finiſht everie thing,
To God maiſt higb he ſall remit the ringe.
Bot now my hart within my bowdin breiſt
I feill revert and wondrouſly reveik,
My ſaull ſicklike hir ſorrowing ſhe hes ceiſt,
And of my ſang a perfite Joy can preik:
The life to come ſo firmely I beleeue,
That though all fleſh to death were redy boun
I ſhould be ſure the Lord wald me releeue.

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Thought all the warld were turned vp-ſide downe:
Lord, hallowed be thy haly name diuine,
For power, praiſe, the reigne, and all is thine.

Thankes for deliverance of the ſicke. V.

QVhy dois my ſilent tung repoſe, and hald her peace? (ceaſe?
Quhy dois my voice, the worthie praiſe of God, from ſinging
My ſlouthfull lips that ſuld pronounce, ar cloſed night and day.
My mouth is ſealed vp as though, I had nathing to ſay.
Behald with mony holocauſt, and vndeſerued glore,
The pagane blinde his mightles God, and idole dois adore:
The altar with the blude of beaſts, is ſprinkled be the Jew,
He makis a ſmuike, and ſmelling ſweet for payment of his vow.
And ſuld not I, an impe of Chriſt, redemed from my ſinne,
Ane ſacrifice of thankes preſent: But quhair ſall I begin:
For quhy? our God in all reſpects, is infinite perfite,
Yea, more diuine nor Man can think, conceiue or yet indite,
All gude, all iuſt, all wiſe and trew, all mercifull, and kinde,
Almightie, ſtrang, and liberall, all prouident in minde.
Yet as I haight, ſo ſall I hald, to magnifie the Lord,
Quhilk hes the pyning patient, againe to health reſtord.
The wonderfull and diuers meanes can not be fullie ſhawin,
Quhairby the Lord the wicked wraikes & conquiſis his awin:
Be weire, be want, be loſſe of freinds, be greeuous thought and care,
Be ſeruitude, be lang exile, be ſicknes ſharpe and ſare.
The Monarch great, the tirant proud, the liuer inſolent,
Quhen be the mightie hand of God, a ſair diſeaſe is ſent,
For all their force anone they faint, they ar deiected law,
From all ſocietie and game, themſelues they do withdraw:
Waiſt like the Deare quhilk wonted is, with gun, or deadly dart,
Flies from the heard to ſum deſert, quhair he may lie apart;
Luſt, luxurie, nor deintie fair, they raik not by a leik,
Na mirth nor earthlie vanitie, is pleaſant to the ſeik.

Quha

Quha wald not in his heauie plight, and cruell pining paine,
All worldly wealth and glore renunce, to haue his healthy againe?
The bewtifull wald loſe his hew, the ſtrang wald quite his ſtrength,
The rich his ſtore his threaſor great, and fertile lands of length:
The burning maiſt ambitious breiſt, wald quite his noble fame,
And be content without renoum, to lead his life at hame.
Bot all in vaine the birniſt gold, nor heapes of ſiluer bright,
The ſtately ſtaines, the iewels rich, nor buildings huge of hight:
The braue dependers monie ane, nor higheſt dignities,
May not their duyning maiſter mend, nor yet his torment eaſe:
The precious drinks medicinall, ſum ſweit, ſum bitter ſower,
Nor minerals may not prolong his loathſome life ane hower:
Whome God anis be his iudgement iuſt, appointed hes for deid,
Na medicine, na elixir, nor monie may remeid.
When ireſullie Antiochus, from Perſia lute draw,
Into his rage he made a vow, the Iewes to ouerthraw,
Againſ the faikles ſaincts of God, to turne his cruell face,
And make Ieruſalem for Iewes, a common buriall place:
Bot in his pride the Lord him ſmote, while he was thither bown,
With ſick diſeaſe that from his couche, for faintnes he fell downe:
Sick bitter paine remedileſ his bowels did deuide,
That of his fleſh the men about, might nocht the ſtinke abide:
And nocht appeaſed was the Lord (a fearefull thing to heare)
While be the naughtie worms his corps conſumed was inteir.
The Lord ſicklike when leaſt he weind, maiſt iuſtly maid to fall,
The thryſe extreme Herodian pride, be litil vermine ſmall,
While he did perſecute the kirke, and liues of preachers ſought,
They greedily deuord him quick, and eate him vp to nought,
With vnkouth, and incurabill diſeaſes wonder fell,
Euen from the earth the Lord cuts of the wicked that rebell.
Bot as the ſicknes iuſtly ſent confounds the faiſ of God,
Sa ſerues it to his ſeruants of a needefull whipping rod:
For luke as when the little childe, gainſtands the fathers will,
Caſts downe his face with froward lookes, and ſtubbornly doiſ ill:
The wiſe and louing father then, puts to his gentill hand,
And for his weill with awfull boaſt layes on the byting wand,

Quhill tawnd with ſtrypes, the tender child, with ſobs and monie teire
And reuthfull ſkreikes crues oft alace, Gods mercie father deare,
Sa when the children of the Lord, tranſgreſſed hes his law,
And blinded with their awin delights, their dewtie dois miſknaw,
He takes the rod and ſickneſs ſends, the puniſhment of ſin,
And ſtrikes the fleſh with torment ſair, externall and within:
Quhill all defait the ſickly ſaull, vnfeinedly repent,
Sine on this waies, vnto the Lord direct his heauie plent.
I mon confes (O mightie God) I haue offended thee,
And iuſtly through my great treſpas, deſerued hes to die,
In ſeruing thee I haue bin ſlack, I haue vnthankfull beene,
My cheritie was growin cald, my life it was vncleene:
For quhilk I feele thy fellon wraith, againſt me kendled het,
How can I lift, my head and hart with ſickneſs are ouerſet,
I taiſt na kinde of fude by day, I take na reſt by night,
The figour onely of a man, but onely force or might:
Bot (Lord) when thou art bound to ſtrike, quha dow abide thine yre?
Thou knawis that I am fraile, therefore forbeare me I deſire,
Forgiue me anis, reſtore my ſtrength, releeue me of this paine,
And all thats mis I ſall amend, and ſall not ſin againe.
All this and mair with broken voice, and hands to heaven out-ſpred,
The Godly patient he powrs out, vpon his carefull bed:
The higheſt God from heauen behalds, and is content to ſee,
The ſinner earneſtly repent, and to his mercie flee:
Then be his halie helping hand, he raiſes from the duſt,
The pure afflicted faithfull ſaull, intending to be iuſt,
He makes the phyſicke take effect, the ſlummers ſoft he geiſis,
The force quhilk did before decay, from day to day reneiſis:
While to the glorie of the Lord, and ioy of his elect,
He fullie to their health reſtore, them whom he did deiect:
The godly Hezekiah king, was ſick in great diſtres,
And be the Prophete wairnd, that he ſould neuer conuales:
Bot when he called to the Lord, and wept with bitter teares,
The God of health withdrew the rod, and to his plaint gaue eares:
The morning thriſe had nocht renewed hir heauenly ornament,
When to the temple of the Lord, to worſhip he vp-went,

And

And thriſe fiue helthie happie yeares, were granted him to leaue,
In ſigne whereof, that he ſuch heichts might conſtantly beleeue,
The Sun retird haill ten degrees from Occident till Eaſt.
What vails the waters of the wols, or pardons of a preiſt,
O pilgrim blind, what can the bains of men prolong thy dayes?
That God is gever of the healthy, whome ſun and Moone obayes.
Right ſa the iuſt and ſuffring Iob, a mirrour to the reſt, Iob 1. 13 & 2. 7, 8. 4. 1, 7, 17, & 42. 10.
Was he nocht ſair with byles, and bruiks, and powertie oppreſt?
From head to heele with botches black, his bodie was ou'r-cled,
Contemned be his wife and friends, the aſhes were his bed:
Yet when the Lord him tryed had, his healthy he did reſtore,
And purchaſt to himſelfe thereby, ane euerlaſting glore.
This then we ſee: the mightie God, the croſſe of ſickneſs ſends,
Vnto his awin adopted ſonnes, to mony diuers ends,
Now as a plague, now as a pruife, that man may clearely knaw:
How he is weake, and of himſelfe cannot fulfill the law,
Now as a prick to call to minde quhat evill is, and good,
To moove the dull forgetfull heart, demerſt in fleſh and blood.
What bitter teares? what inwart ſighs? what fervent prayers deepe?
Be ſicklike meanes the Lord drawes out, of them that are a ſleepe?
Euen as beforce forth of the flint, is forſt the fyrie ſpreit:
Or as the Bee, out of the weids, extracts the hony ſweit,
Ane hundreth heauenly thoughts, the ſick will meditate in minde,
Contemne the world, and mans conceits to wickednes inclind,
Diuinely with themſelues diſcourſe, of mony pleaſant thing,
Quhilk they forget, and in their healthy, to minde could neuer bring.
O gratious rod, whereby the Lord and man are reconcealed,
O happie ſicknes of the fleſh, whereby the ſaull is healed,
O meruellous great medicinar, and ſouveraine medicine,
Quhilk be the bodie to the ſaull, dois mightilie atteine.
Of ſickneſs ſower the end is ſweete, for be theſe ſharp diſeaſis,
He wunds the ſenſeles harts of men, quhilk pleaſor cauterizis:
Bot mightely he raiſes vp the faithfull when they fall.
I haue beene ſeik, and to the Lord did airly cry and call,
Quhilk euer did exhauſe my voice, and healed me with ſpeede,
Aboue my wit he did prouide, and ſend me helpe at neede:

Nocht onely me he did releeue, when I was sair affrayed,
Bot also from the dure of death, even them for whome I prayed.
He is the rare physition wise, the trew Medicinar,
In Chirurgie of persite skill, the traist Apothecar:
And all that falsely is asscryued to Esculapius,
To Zoroast, till Apuleie or to Democritus:
He can performe in verie deede, he can the dolor swage,
Restore the health prolong the dayes, renew the widdered age,
Reuiue the dead, and sins forgiue, the onely source of all,
Quhile I may last (O liuing Lord) thy praises sing I sall.
I sall thee blis quhill vitall braith within my breist remains,
Quhill I haue memorie or wit, or heate within my vaines,
For all thy gifts and graces great, thou granted hes to me,
With thankfull heart this sacred sang, I dedicate to thee:
Lord, try me nocht with sair assalts, least suddainely I slide,
Bot if thou try, augment my strength, sick tryall to abide:
And syne to serue and worship thee, I presentlie intend,
God giue me grace to perseuere vnto my liues end.

Of Gods omnipotencie. VI.

O Euerie liuing warldly wight,
Awake and dres your selfe with speede:
To serue and praise the God of might,
From whome all bountie dois proceede:
For gif ye drift, and still refuse,
The heauens and earth will you accuse.
The brutall beasts but ony stryfe,
They willinglie his voice obay:
The creatures that hes na life,
Sets forth his glorie day by day:
The earth, the aire, the sea, and fire,
Ar subiect all to his impire.
The heauen it is his dwelling place,
Mat. 5. 34. The earth his littil fute-stule law,
35. His warks are all before his face:
Of hearts the secreits he dois knaw,

And

And euerie thing as in a glas,
He ſeis before it cum to pas.
The ſwift and actiue fierie ſpreits,
The Cherubins of ſubſtance pure,
They walk amang the holie ſtreits, 1.King.22. 19.
And makes him daylie ſeruice ſure: Iob. 1. 6.
Yea, at all times they readie ſtand,
To gang and cum at his command.
When Ionah in the ſea was caſt, Ionah.1.7. 15. 17. &. 2. 10.
By Lot, for ſafetie of the leaue,
A mightie Quhaill did follow faſt,
Prepard the prophet to receaue:
Quhilk at command did him deuore,
Syne brought him ſafely to the ſhore.
And as Eliah lurking lay,
Lang ſolitar by Cherith ſide, 1.King.17. 5. 6.
The rauens left their common pray,
His ſuſtenance for to prouide,
As they were charged him to feede,
They brought him daylie fleſh and bread.
Quha learned Balaams brutall aſſe, Num. 22. 28.
The angell of the Lord to knaw?
A foote ſhe forward wald not pas,
That way where ſhe him ſtanding ſaw,
Bot ſpake that maruell was to ſee,
Againſt hir maiſters crueltie.
The roaring lions fiers and fell, Dan. 6. 6. 22. 23.
Brought vp and baited ay with bloud, Mat. 8. 28.
They ſpard the godly Daniell,
Expoſ'd to them in place of fude:
Sa fiſhes, fouls, and rauenous beiſts,
Of God maiſt high they hald the heiſts.
The verie devils dare nocht rebell,
Againſt his Maieſtie and might,
The ſpreits vncleane he did expell,
Forth of the pure poſſeſſed wight,

Quha but his priuiledge diuine,
Durſt na way enter in the ſwine.

1.King.22. 21. Into the prophets mouthes the ſpreit,
Of lies could neuer enter in,
Quhile he did licence firſt intreate,
Of God the Lord, for Ahabs ſin:
Quhilk be that meanes did him entyſe,
His awin defait till enterpriſe.

His halie ſtatute to fulfill,
And potent power to declaire,
The maſſiue earth repoſis ſtill,
Suſpended in the ceſſil eire:
And at hir dew appointed houres,
Brings forth maiſt pleaſant fruits & floures.

Quhat thing is fiercer nor the ſea?
Wair raging nor the awfull deepe?
Quhilk back retird at his decrie,
Gen.1.9.11. And dois her bounds and marchis keepe:
Exod.14.21. Syne at his charge apart ſtude by,
To make his hoſte a paſſage drey.

Without the ſubtile air but dout,
Na plaint nor liuing thing may leſt:
Therefore it cleaues the earth about,
And is in euerie place poſſeſt,
Then as his godlie wiſedome wald,
Decernes the ſeaſons hett and cald.

Gen.19.24. The brimſtane and the burning fire,
Waiſt ſudenely from heauen fell downe,
For to conſume into this yre,
Baith Sodome, and Gomorrah towne:
Bot in the firie furnace he,
Preſerued ſafe the children three.

Dan.3.23. The mightie winds blaws to and fra,
From euerie airth be day and night,

We

We heare them thudding by vs ga,
Yet not conceaues them with our sight:
Bot in a clap the Lord to please,
Their blasts they quietly appease.

Like flocks of fowls the clouds aboue,
Furth flies and couers all the sky:
Againe they suddenly remoone,
We wat not where nor reason why:
Bot till obey his holy law,
They poure out rain, sharpe haile, and snaw.

Behald the fearefull thunder crack,
And fierie flaughts sa violent,
Appeares nocht in the cloudis black,
Quhile be the highest they be sent:
The harts of men are dasht with feare,
Sik lights to see, and claps to heare.

The heauen sa high, sa cleare of hew,
Declares his power passing weill:
Sua swift of course ay recent new,
Revoluing like a turning wheill,
Nane knowes whereof the globe is made,
Quhais beautie at na time dois fade.

He made the Sun a lampe of light,
A woll of heate to shine by day,
He made the Moone to guide the night:
And set the starnis in gud array,
Orion, Pleiads, and the Vrse,
Obserues their dew prescriued course.

O Poets: paganes impudent,
Quhy worship ye the planets seauen?
The glore of God be you is spent,
On Idols and the hoste of heauen,
Ye pride your pens mens eares to pleis,

With fables and fictitious leis.

Your knowledge is bot ignorance,
Your cunning curiositie:
I finde your facund eloquence,
Repleete with fekles fantasie:
Ye neuer knew the lively rod,
Nor gospell of the sun of God.

He is aboue Mercurius
Aboue Neptunus on the sea,
The winds they knaw not Eolus,
Their is na Iupiter but he,
And all your Gods baith great and small,
Are of na force for he is all.

Bot sonnes of light ye knaw the trueth,
Extoll the Lord with heart and minde,
Remoue all slayes and sluggish sleuth,
Obey his voice for he is kinde:
That heauen and earth may witnes beare,
Ye loue that God which bought you deare.

The triumph of the Lord, after the manner of men. VII.

Alluding to the defait of the Spanish nauie in the yeare 1588.

TRiumphant Lord of armies and of hostes,
Thou hes subdu'd the vniuersall coastes:
From South to North, from East till Decident,
Thou shawes thy selfe great God armipotent:
O captaines, kinges, and Christian men of weir,
Gar harraulds haist in coats of armor cleir,
For to proclaime with trumpet and with shout:
A great triumph th' vniuers throughout:
For certainely the Lord he will be knawin,

And

And haue that prayſe quhilk iuſtlie is his awin.
O yee that wuns amang the pleaſant feilds,
Quhair fertile crofts their yearly profite yealds,
And all that heigh vp in the hieland dwells:
Amang the mures, the mountaines, and the wells,
And yee that in the forreſt fare remaine,
Far from the burghs, ga to the burghs again:
Baith man and maides, put on your garments gay:
And ornaments made for the holy daie,
Leaue of your wark, let al your labour be:
This braue triumph, and royall feaſt to ſe.
Let cities, kirks, and euerie noble towne,
Be purified, and decked vp and downe,
Let all the ſtreets, the corners, and the rewis,
Be ſtrowd with leaues, and flowres of diuers hewis,
With birks, and lawrell of the woddis wild,
With Lauendar, with Thime, and Cammamild:
With Mint and Medwortes ſeemelie to be ſeen,
And luikin Gowanes of the medowes green,
Let temples, ſtaires, the porchis, and the ports,
And windows wide quhair luickers on reſorts,
With tapiſtrie be hung, in Turkie fought,
With claith of gold, and ſiluer richly wrought,
Let euerie place, and palice be repleat
With fine perfume, and fragrant odors ſweat,
Suffumigat with nard and cinnamon,
With myrhe, and muſk, camphyre, and bdellium,
With incence frank, Aloes, Calamus,
With Saffran, Maſtick, and Juniperus.
Expoſe your gold, and ſhyning ſiluer bright,
On couered cupbuirdes ſet in opin ſight,
Du'rgilted coups, with carued couers clear,
Fyne precious ſtains, quhair they may beſt appear,
Lawers in ranks, and ſiluer baſſings ſhine,
Saltfats outthorne, and glaſſes chryſtalline.
Make ſcaffalds clare for cumlie comedies,

For pleaſant playes, and morall tragedies:
All to decore with ioy, and ane accord,
This new triumph, and Sabboth of the Lord.
Right as the poynt of day begins to ſpring,
And Larks aloft melodiouſlie to ſing,
Bring foorth all kind of inſtruments of weere,
To ga before and make a noyce cleer:
Gar trumpets ſound the awfull battalls blaſt,
On dreadfull drumms gar ſtrik alarum faſt,
Wak ſhouting ſhalms and perſing phiphers ſhill,
Clean cleaue the cluds, and pierſ the hieſt hill,
Cauſe mightily the weirly notis breik:
On hieland pypes Scots, and Hybernik,
Let heir the ſhraichs of deadly Clarions,
And ſyne let of a volie of cannons,
Quhill quhat for reick, rude rummiſhing, and reard,
The heauens reſound, and trimbling take the eard.
Let enter ſine in proper painted carts,
The buting rich, brought from the fardeſt parts,
And ample pray quhilk great Iehouah wan,
From his fierſe fais, ſen firſt the warld began.
Their ſall be ſein the enſigneis diſplayed,
Bright baners braid, and ſtanddards weill arrayed,
Sum white and reid, ſum yeallow, grein, and blew,
Quhilk God perforce out of their handes threw:
The portrators of euerie vanqueſt towne,
Of Cittadells, and rampiers of renoune,
The lifely forme of fouſſeis large and deepe,
The modalls great of caſtills eith to keep,
The forme of forths inuincible to ſe,
Of mightie walls, and ramforſt towers ſo hie,
Demoliſt all, into a birdis neſt;
With great and iuſt artailzerie releſt.
Sa ſall be ſeen the figoures of the ſlots,
With fearfull flags, and weill calſuterd bots,
Of gallays ſwift, and many gallias,

Quhilk

Quhilk through the ſeas but perrell thought to pas,
Faire ſeemely ſhippes of four, fiue hundreth tuns,
All furniſht full of fire-warks, and of guns,
Quhairof be force their was ſum captiues led,
Sum cleane defait, ſum fugitiues and fled:
Yet from the Lord na way could finde to flie,
Bot in their flight were toſſed on the ſie:
The waltering wals, and raging windie blaſt,
Waid vp their towes, and cauſ'd them hew their maſt,
And ſine were caſt for all their brags and boſt,
Sum on a ſchald, ſum on ane yrin coſt,
Sum gaid in tua buird on ane forrain land,
Sum on a rok, ſum on a whirling ſand,
Quhile nane were ſafe vnperiſht to be found,
Bot men and all went to the water ground.
Let follow nixt in ordor to be ſein,
Their armour cleare, and warlike wapins ſchein
Hard halecrets, helmets, and hewmonts bright,
Tight haberſchons, habriks, and harneis light.
Wurrions for men of fute, and ſhining ſheilds,
Barding for horſe appointed for the fields,
Gantlets ou'rgilt, wambraiſſis gainand weill,
Corſlets of pruif, and mony targe of ſteill,
Sum varneiſt bright, ſum dorred diuerſlie,
That men may muſe ſic precious geir to ſee.
Th'ilk ſamin wayis, exemple for to giue,
Draw in on heaps their armour offenſiue,
Great ordinance, and feilding peices fell,
Wuskets maiſt meit with men of armes to mell,
Hagbuts with lunts, Piſtolles with rowets fine,
Swift fierie darts deuiſd be great ingine,
Troſbowes of waight, and Gnoſik gainyeis kein,
Strang pouſing picks the charge plaiſt to ſuſtein,
Bunſhes of ſpeirs, and Launces light, and lang,
Steill ax, and maſſe, for barded horſſes ſtrang,
Fyne arming ſwords, and vther grunding glaues,

Quhilk

Quhilk maid na ſtead when they were rendered ſlaues,
Their guns miſgaue, their ſpeirs like buinwands brak
Their fainted hearts for feare retird aback.
Their threſours rich, wherein they put their truſt,
To all the warld ſalbe maid manifeſt:
Let men expres appointed be to beir,
Their ſiluer heaps in plaits of ſiluer cleare:
Their ſiluer wark, and precious ornament,
Sall follow next in order ſubſequent,
Not to their praiſe, but to their ſhame and ſcorne:
Their cuinzied gold, in baſſings ſall be borne,
Of moltin gold diſcovered to be ſein:
With precious ſtains quhilk fed their greedie ein,
Their goldſmith wark and veſſells of great waight,
Token ſick fooles againſ the Lord to fight.
Let publikely be caried throw the townes,
The diadems, the ſcepters, and the crowns:
And honored ſwords of many puiſſant king,
Whom Iah our God down from their throne did thring.
Beſides theſe things vſe all the meanes ye may,
To ſanctifie the Lord that ſolemne day:
For great Pompeie, nor Paull Emilius
Marck Antony nor Cæſar Iulius
The Scipioes the hardie bretheren twa,
Nor nain in Rome triumphed neuer ſa.
When on this waies the buiting is inbroght,
And all their force declared to be nought,
The emperors, and kings ſall ga behinde,
That greater nain was on the earth to finde.
As men defait cled all in dulefull black,
In coſchis traind with ſlander, ſhame, and lack:
Their children young, and minzonis in a rout,
Dreſt all in dule ſall march their coſch about,
With bitter teares, with ſighes, and courage cald:
When they their Lords in ſik eſtaite behald,
Their counſelors ſall gang with drerie cheir:

And

And count their wit to be bot follie mere.
The multitude then diuerſly ſall deim,
And of that ſight ſall diuerſlie eſteim:
For ſum ſall rin and gaſe them in the face,
And ſair bewaile to ſee them in ſick caſe,
Yea they that wiſht their wrack and death before,
Their miſerie ſall mein and pittie ſore.
Bot ſum ſa ſoone as they them ſee ga by,
Sall heaue their hands and make a mightie cry,
Deride their force and ſhout into thir eir:
Take their the kings quhilk made the Lord the weir.
Ane vther ſort ſall ſich, and whiſper thus,
Heare is behald a matter maruellous.
Their monarchs great confided in their ſtrength,
And thought by force to win the world at length:
To way the hils, and right vp to the skies,
Bot now their pride and puiſſance broken lyes:
„ Kings are bot men, men are bot wormes and duſt,
„ The God of heauen is onely great, and iuſt."
Bot now I leaue the ordor and array,
Of men deſait and entring of the pray:
Du'r whome the Lord triumphed hes or now,
And ſall triumph for he hes maid a vow,
To put his fais to flight and open ſhame,
To purchaſe him a praiſe and laſting name.
I will the forme now ſummarly ſet downe,
How Chriſtian Kings, and captaines of renowne,
Sall enter in the burghs that holy day,
What they ſall doo, what they ſall ſing and ſay:
Their perfite ioy and pleaſour to expres,
To magnifie the might and holines
Of God the Lord the great triumpher ſtrang:
The chaſtiſer of wickednes and wrang.
Euen ſik (I ſay) as Ioue our God erected,
As inſtruments and meſſengers directed,
To woork his wark, and fight into his field

Sall

Sall armed be that day with ſpear and ſheild,
Baith horſſe and fute in weirlike maner dreſt:
In glittering geare quhilk braueſt is and beſt,
All weill arrayd in ſquadrons, troups and bands,
Waiſt muſter-like: ſyn, in their doughtie hands,
Ilk man a palme, and laurell branch ſall beare,
The proper ſigne of victorie in weir,
And on their heads ſall haue their laurell crowns:
Sa ſall they march and enter in the towns,
As conquerers, and ſoldarts of the Lord,
Quhilk valliantlie with courage and accord,
Were reddie bent till execute his charge,
And fight beneath his bliſſed banner large.
The muſicke then, and heauenly harmony
Of inſtruments accorded in a kie,
Waiſt muſicall and delicate to get,
Sall their be heard together ſweitly ſet:
As clarſhons cleare, douce friddoning of flutes,
The viols ſwift, and fineſt Venus lutes,
Joynd with the voice of men, and breiſting boyes,
Quhais meaſour iuſt ſall modulat the noyſe:
That Cleopatra in her gallay gay,
Nor ſingars on ſainct Cecils holy day:
Empedocles the wiſe Sicilian,
Nor Orpheus the craftie Thracian,
Phylirides, nor ſkilful Arion,
Nor famous lute of cunning Amphion,
Struike neuer note ſo pleaſant to the eir,
Nor ſang ſa ſweit as they that ſall be heir.
Bot quha pretends the puiſſance to declare,
Right as it is, or enters to compare:
The glore of God with that of mortall men,
Sall tyne bot time, and tyre his painefull pen,
Als far as light, the darknes dois deface,
Or hell is from the higheſt holy place,
Als far as ſclaues are from the ſtait of Kings,

Or

Or widdring weids, from euerlaſting thinges:
Als far his might ſurmounts the might of man,
His Pompe and pride, and all the craft he can.
The Romans ſtout quhilk had the earth ourthrawin,
At their triumphs in chariots great was drawin,
Be diuers beaſts quhairin they tuik delite,
For ſum were train'd be horſſe of coulor white,
And ſum be harts contrarie to their kinde,
Be cruining Bulls of heigh and hautie minde,
Be Elephants, and ſum be Lions laide,
In claith of gold and fineſt purpor claid.
But he quhais wraith conſumis like burning coles,
Quhilk turnes the heauens vpon the ſtable poles:
Hes left the earth, and rydes vpon the ſky,
Na mortall eyes may face to face eſpy
The Lord, and liue: his chariots are of fire,
He makes the earth to trimble in his yre,
Great Jeſus Chriſt conducts his armie ſtout,
The angels bright they compas him about:
His maieſtie the tounes can nocht conteine,
Yet is, and hes be power preſent bein.
Heaue vp therefore (yee chriſtian men of weir)
Your hands, your hearts, your eyes, and voyces cleir,
Unto the high and great triumpher ſtrang,
That ſolemne day ſine let this be your ſang.

The ſong of the Lords ſouldiours.

O King of Kings, that ſits aboue,
Thy might, thy mercie, and thy loue,
Thy works are wonderfull to tell,
In earth thy name mot praiſed be,
And in tha holie placis hie,
For nane is like thee but thy ſell.

Upon the firmament thou ryds,

And all the world diuinely gydes,
To hell thy power dois extend,
Men may imagine, men may deuiſe,
Men may conclude and interpriſe,
Bot thou dois modifie the end.

This day we magnifie thy name,
For thou hes put till open ſhame,
And turnd thy fellon fais to flight,
Their Idols and their armies greit,
Their force availd them not a whit,
Their towers & towns hes felt thy might.

Gen. 11. Thou ſtaid the tower of Babylon,
Unbuilded higher be a ſtone,
Though Nimrod thought to reach to heauen,
The toungs of men were ſo confuſed,
That they their fooliſh wark refuſed,
And ſundrie through the earth were driuen.

Exod. 13. 21. & 14. 17, 28. God ſend to guide his armie right,
A cloude be day, a fire be night,
And led them ſafely through the ſie,
For all King Pharaos pride and boſt,
His chariots, horſmen, and his hoſt,
Were drownd and fand na way to flie.

Ioſ. 6. Of Ierichp he bruiſd the wall,
And quickly maid it flatling fall,
When as their prieſts their trumpets blew,
The people maid a mightie ſhout,
When they had paſt the towne about,
And ſa the citie ouerthrew.

Ioſh. 10. Fiue Kings he chaiſt at Gibeon,
And as they fled to Beth-horon,
With haile he ſlew them by the way,
The Sun and Moone at his command,
Into the lift he maid to ſtand,
To make the Amorites a pray.

Quha ever hard of armour ſick,

Quhat

Quhat bullets euer flew ſa thick,
As hailſtains fell downe in that ſchower?
Na gunners could that bartſene clenge,
They knew not whome on to reuenge,
Bot gazed on the heauenly towar.

Be Ioſhua he wrought thir things,
And vainqueiſt ane and threttie Kings,
As Iorden rins on euerie ſide,
Quhilk may all kings example giue, Ioſh. 12.
Sa lang as men on earth may liue,
In God the greateſt to confide.

He haith deviſde, and wrought the deedes,
Of Gideon againſt the Medes, Iudg. 7.
And ſtrake the multitude with feare,
Three hundreth men defait their campe,
With trumpet, pitcher, and with lampe:
That was a ſtratageme of weir.

He ſtrength and manheid by the laue, Iudg. 14, 15, & 16.
To Samſon, and to Dauid gaue, 1. Sam. 17. 22, 27.
Quha maid the Philiſtims to fall, 2. Sam. 5. 6.
His awin he mightelie ſuſteins,
Be wonderfull and vnkouth meanes,
To ſhaw that God is guide of all.

The puiſſant King of Syria, 2. Kings 7.
Quhen he beſeig'd Samaria,
The God of battels ſucrours ſend,
For in that camp was hard ſick din,
Of carts and horſe quhilk ſeem'd to rin,
That nain durſt bide to ſee the ende.

Quhen proud Saneherib blaſphemed,
Invincibill his puiſſance ſeemed,
Zit hame with ſhame he turn'd againe,
Nine ſcore, fiue thouſand on a night, 2. King. 19.
Were ſmote by them that tooke the flight,
Sine he his ſonnes, himſelfe was ſlaine.

In weir the Lord giues victorie,

From time to time, as we may ſee,
Be meanes vnluked for of men:
As he was then, ſa is he now,
Though faithles folk will neuer trow,
Quhile be experience they ken,

He is the mightie God of weir,
He ſtrykes his faes with ſuddaine feir,
Quhen they appeare maiſt ſtrong & ſtout,
The harts of Kings are in his hands,
He breakes their legs and bloudy bands,
And brings his purpoſis about.

Euen in our dayes haue we not ſein,
The wicked fall before our ein,
Into their hoteſt cruell rage?
The greateſt dukes and kings annoynted,
We ſaw them laitly diſappointed,
And get their weill deſerued wage.

Pſal. 68. 2. As wax is melted by the fire,
Sa be the Lords conſuming yre:
The might of man melts cleane away,
To ſick as conſtantlie beleeues,
He courage and good ſucces giues,
And will not ſee their cauſe decay.

Though for a time the proud preuaile,
Their glas will run, their force will faile,
Unto the Lords eternall glore:
And when before our fais we fall,
Be ſure our ſins are cauſe of all,
Quhilk we ſuld earneſtly deplore.

O Iah our God: be thou our guide,
In battails be thou on our ſide,
And we ſall nather fall nor flee,
Through Chriſt thy ſonne our ſins forgiue,
And make vs in thy law to liue,
That we may praiſe and worſhip thee.

And

The great triumph this way ſall take an end
And all the hoſte ſall to the temple wend,
As cuſtome is in well arrayed ranks,
With ſacrifice of prayers and of thanks:
The ſoldarts ſtout ſall all receaue reward,
For lo, the Lord the banket hes prepaird:
To feede his hoſte with heauenly liuelie fude,
Euen with his ſonne Chriſts bodie and his blude:
Quhat ſuld the gifts that laſts bot for a ſpace?
Or drinking of the riuer Euphrates?
The woll of life (as happie men and bliſt) Reu. 21. 6.
They ſall anis taiſt, and neuer mair haue thriſt.

4. *October*, 1589.

The humiliation of a ſinner. VIII.

The weight of ſin is wondrous great,
Quha may that greeuous burdin beir?
My God maiſt humblie I ſubmit,
Myſelfe before thy hienes heir:
Oh: rewthfullie incline thine eir,
Unto my pittifull complent:
Thy puniſhment, and plagues retire,
From me pure pyning penitent.

Quhen darkenes hes the heauen reveſt,
Bot ather Moone or Starnie light,
Quhen man and beaſt are at their reſt,
Throw ſecreit ſilence of the night,
I woltring like a woefull wight,
Still waking in my bed I ly.
My ſins preſents them in my ſight,
Oh harken, Lord, for helpe I cry.

My panſing dois augment my paine,
Becauſe I cannot be excuſed,
I am ſa oft relaps againe,
Into the ſin quhilk I refuſed,

Thy clemencie I haue abuſed,
Be leading of a wicked life,
My ſpreit within this fleſh inclused,
Is like to periſh in the ſtrife.
Ah: to my cais then ſall I yeeld?
And all thy mercies great deſpair?
Ah: ſall I now giue ouer the field?
And neuer looke for mercie mair?
Quhilk hes ſa oft baith lait and air,
Sung praiſe to thee with ioyfull hart,
No Lord, preſerue me from that ſnare,
And let this cuppe from me depart.

Mat.11.28. I haue aſſurance of thy ſpreit,
That thou the laidned will releeue,
Quhilk cums to thee with heart contreit,
And in thy bountie dois beleeue:
My feebill faith, O Lord, reuiue,
For though my ſinnes be like the ſand,
Zit thou art abill to forgiue,
And raiſe me with thy helping hand.

Quha can vnfeinedly repent?
Lu. 5. 21. Iohn 6.44. Quha can from wickednes abſtein?
Unles the grace be to him lent,
To ſigh and ſob with weeping eyn?
Your prayer profits not a prin,
Except the ſame from faith proceid:
Let faith and grace in me be grein,
That I may turne to thee in neide.

Lord with my ſelfe I am diſpleaſed,
And wearies of this burding faſt,
Thy wraith therefore let be appeaſed,
Forget my foule offences paſt:
I feare, I faint, I am agaſt,
Quhen I perpend mine awin eſtait,
Bot this releeſe I find at laſt,
My penitence is nocht to late.

Albeit

Albeit thou be ane vpright iudge,
Thou art my father not the les,
My buklar and my ſure refuge,
My onely comfort I confeſſe:
Haue pittie on my great diſtreſſe,
Caſt nocht me catiue cleane away,
Thou knawes the invart heauines,
For ſin I ſuffer euerie day.

This then (my God) of grace I craue,
With humble heauie heart of thee,
My ſins are like me to deceaue,
Bot let me not deceaued be,
Take not thy helping hand fra me,
For I am fraill and imperfite,
Giue me not ouer to drowne and die,
Into my fleſhly hearts delight.

Thy working Spreit let me aſſiſt,
Into this fellon fechting fell,
That I may valiantlie reſiſt,
The fleſh, the warld the diuell and hell,
My ſecreit ſins from me expell,
My nature is corrupt thou knawes,
Make me to practiſe and foorth tell,
Thy precepts, praiſe, and holy lawes.

Thir gifts, I grant, I merite not
For I in ſin was borne and bred,
Bot Jeſus Chriſt he hes me bought,
From death even with his bloud he ſhed,
His merits hes me freelie fred,
Make me thereof participant,
Let me be with his iuſtice cled,
And counted thy redeemed ſainct.

Nocht he, but I, hath death deſerued:
Nocht I, but he, dois merit grace,
For me, nought for himſelfe, he ſterued,
With thee to purchaſe me a place,

Throw

Throw him I am in happie caſe,
Euen with thy Godhead reconceiled,
To thee, through him, whome I imbrace,
Be praiſe, quhilk hes theſe ioyes reveiled.

Heere endes the Hymnes.

ANE EPISTLE TO

Maiſter Gilbert Mont-creif me-

diciner to the Kings Majeſtie, wherein

is ſet downe the experience of the

Authors youth.

My tender friend (Montcrief medicinar)
To kings is kend thy knawledge ſingular
Thou ſhawis thy ſelfe be practiſe evident:
Of natures warks obſeruer diligent,
Thy quiet life and decent modeſtie,
Declares thy cunning in philoſophie:
Sen firſt we were acquaint I fand thee kinde,
Sum medicine aſſigne me for the mind,
Wy ſicknes be the ſymptome ſall appeare,
Unto my diſcourſe, if thou liſt giue eare.
„ O happie man is he (I haue hard ſay)
„ A faithfull friend that hes, with whom he may
„ Of euerie thing as with himſelfe confer,"
As I may do (diſert mediciner).
Quhen pubertie my freedome did inlarge,
And Mercurie gaue place to Venus charge,
I knew not yet the wavering vaine eſtait
Of humaine kinde, I knew of na debait,
Na lurking hait, inuie, nor curſed ſtryfe,

As

As followis faſt our ſhort vnhappie life:
I traiſted not, beleeue me weill (Montcrief)
The bitter paines, the ſorrowes, and the griefe,
Nor miſeries quhilk daylie dois betide,
And compaſſis mans life on euerie ſide.
Bot like a chaſte and pudick virgine clein,
Inbrought to bide where ſhe had neuer bein,
Into the houſe of women, let for hyre,
Quhen ſhe behalds all pleaſour at deſire,
A loſtie troup of Ladies in array,
Sum on a luth, ſum on a ſiſtre play,
Some ſangs of loue begin and ſweetely ſing,
And minzionlie ſum danſing in a ring,
A louer here, diſcourſing all his beſt,
Ane vther there, delighting all the reſt:
The buirds decorde with daintie diſhes fine,
With diuers drogs, and wafers wet in wine:
A none to dwell the maide dois condiſcend,
Incertaine quhat ſall be her eatiue end.
Swa inexpert yet at that time and houre,
I felt the ſweete, but had not eund the ſowre.
I thought that nocht was able to remoone,
From men on earth, trueth, equitie, and loue,
Nor baniſht from their hearts humilitie,
Reuth, pittie, ioynd with affabilitie,
Bot that the force of reaſone ſuld maintein,
The binding band quhilk laſtinglie hes bein,
Be nature knit, and ordoned till indure,
Wens amitie and friendſhip to make ſure.
For this I oft reduced and brought to minde:
How ſall men be but vntill vther kinde?
Lo, all the wichts that in this valley wuns,
Are bretheren all, are they not Adams ſuns?
Quhy ſuld a friend his friend and brother greeue,
Sen all are borne of a firſt mother Eue?
Vpon this earth as in a cietie wide,

Like citizens we dwell and dois abide:
And nature hes preferd vs to the beaſts,
Be prenting reaſon deiplie in our breaſts:
The barbar rude of Thrace or Tartarie,
Of Boheme, Perſe, of weirly Getulie,
Of barran Syrt, and waſtie Scythia,
Of Finland, Freſland, and of India,
Of reaſon they ar made participant,
With them quhilk dois the ciuill cities hant:
The facund Greece, the learnd Athenian,
The Roman ſtout, the rich Venetian,
The Frenſhes franck of great ciuilitie
Ar obliſt all to this ſocietie.
Then with my ſelf I reaſond on this ſort,
If this be trew quhilk trulie I report,
How mekill mair ſall loue and lautie ſtand
Amang the pepill natiue of a land,
Quhilk dois imbrace, obey, and onely know,
A kirk, a King, a language and a law:
Or ſick as in a citie dois remaine,
Participant of pleaſour and of paine:
Or of a race hes lineallie diſcended
And hes there time and life together ſpended:
All this and mair I tolled in my thought,
And theſe effects to ſe I dowted nocht:
As for my part I plainely did pretend,
My life in peace, in ioy, and eaſe till end,
Into the way to walk and happie rod,
Preſcriued be the law and word of God,
To loue my friend and neighbour as my ſell,
With lippes but lies the ſimple treuth to tell,
Till euerie man to keep my promiſe dew,
And not but right but rigour to perſew,
From vice to flie, and vertue till imbrace,
Ane vpright heart to haue in euerie caſe,
Contending hearts againe to reconceill

Was

Was my pretence, and tender ay their weill,
To fortifie my friend in time and neede,
With good report, with counſell, and good deede:
And ſinally what reaſon taught to craue,
I thought to doo, and ay the like receaue.
„ Bot thoughts are vaine, my labour was bot loſt,
„ He counts againe, that counts without his hoſt."
Through track of time quhilk ſwiftlie ſlides away,
And ſundrie ſights occurring day by day,
At laſt I learnd to marke, and clearely ken,
The courſe of mortall things, and mortall men,
[From thee I learnd with painful diligence,]
The maiſtres ſharpe of fuiles experience,
I ſee the wit the nature and the mind,
Of warldlie wights to wickednes inclind,
And naturallie ane auſtere frawardnes,
The hardened hearts of mortall men poſſes.
Behald na realme, na cirtie nor eſtait,
Ar voide of ſtrife, contention and debait,
Ilk man his fo, like roaring Lions kein,
Waitis to devore with rigor tygerrein:
How few regards we daylie may eſpie,
Their fallowes loſs, if they may gaine thereby:
Sa hautie minds fulfilled with diſdaine,
Sa deepe deceat, ſik gloſing language vaine,
Wens doubill tungs are not aſhamed to lie,
The mair they hecht, the wors to truſt they be,
Particular gaine dois ſa mans reaſone blind,
That ſkars on earth ane vpright can I find,
So poyſoned breaſts with malice and invy
Sum deadlie haitis, and cannot ſhaw you why.
O monſtrous beaſt (inuie) O cruell peſt?
Quhair thou remainis their is na quiet reſt,
Thou waſtis the bains, thou blaickenes fleſh & blood,
Ay glad of ill, ay enemie to good,
Thou vexed art to ſee thy brothers weill,

Quhilk vailis thee nocht, nor harmes him neuer a deil.
I try na trueth, nor na fidelitie,
I ſee na reuth, nor na nobilitie,
Na tender loue, nor humble gentleneſs,
As firſt they ſay, our fathers did profeſs,
Bot fremmedneſs, bot rude auſteritie,
Bot feinzed fraud, and feebill vncourteſie.
Quhen that I had employed my youth and paine,
Foure yeares in France, and was returned againe,
I langd to learne, and curious was to knaw:
The conſuetude, the cuſtome and the Law,
Quhairby our natiue ſoil was guide aright,
And iuſtice done till everie kind of wight:
To that effect three yeares, or neare that ſpace,
I hanted maiſt our higheſt plaiding place,
And ſenat quhair great cauſſes reaſoned were,
My breaſt was bruſd, with leaning on the bar,
My buttons brift, I partely ſpitted bloud,
My gowne was traild and tramped where I ſtood,
Mine eares were deifd with maiſtars cryes and din,
Quhilk procutors and parties called in:
I dayly learnd, bot could not pleaſed be,
I ſaw ſick things as pittie was to ſee.
Ane houſe ov'rlaid with proces ſa miſguided,
That ſum to late, ſum neuer was decided,
The pure abuſed ane hundreth diuers wayes,
Poſtpond, differd with ſhifts, and meere delayes,
Conſumde in guds, ov'rſet with greife and paine,
Zour aduocate man be refreſht with gaine,
Or elſe he faints to ſpeake or to invent
A gud defence or weightie argument,
Ye ſpill your cauſe, ye truble him to ſair,
Unles his hand annointed be mith mair.
Not ill beſtowed, he is conſulted oft,
"A gude deviſe is worthie to be coft:"
Bot skaffing clarks with couetice inſpired,

Till

Till execute their office man be hyred,
Na cauſe they call vnles they hyrelings haue,
If not, it ſall be laid beneath the laue,
Quha them controls, or them offends, but dout,
Their proces will be lang in ſeeking out,
In greateſt neede ſum peeces will be loſt,
And then to laſt fund on the parties coſt,
In euerie point they will be ſlack and lang,
The minuts of the proces may be wrang,
For acts, decreits, they man haue double priſe,
If their be haſt, but hyre they make it nice:
As ſanguiſugs quhilk finds the feeding gud,
Cleaues to the skin quhile they be full of blud,
Quhile all the vaines be bludles, dry and tume.
Na vther wayes the ſimple they conſume.
The agent als man haue his wage prouided,
Leaſt all the cauſe in abſence be misguided:
He will let paſſe on wilfull indignation,
Againe the actor ane ſtollen proteſtation,
The poore defender if he lacke expenſes,
Sall tyne his cauſe perhaps for null defences,
The peeces ſhaw he will, and cauſe reveill,
For greater gaine be he not pleaſed weill.
And thought the Lords ſuld take gud heid thereto,
Yet are they laith to make the houſe adoo:
„ The cenſor is impropre to correck,
„ That in himſelfe hes ony kinde of bleck:"
Euen they themſelues the ordor partlie ſpils,
With bringing in of heapes of boſome bils,
Their oulks about on friends they doo beſtow,
With ſmall regard of table or of row.
Alace: ſick Lords had neede of reformation,
Quhair iuſtice maiſt conſiſts in ſolliſtation,
Zit all ſolliſtars cannot iuſtice haue,
Bot ſick as may acquit them by the laue,
A Lord, ane Earle, or a wealthie man,

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A courtier that meikill may and can,
Without delay will come to their intent,
Howbeit there cauſe it be ſum deill on ſklent:
Bot ſimple ſauls, vnſkilfull, moyenles,
The pure quhome ſtrang oppreſſors dois oppres,
Few of there right or cauſſes will take keepe,
Their proces will ſa lang lye ou'r, and ſleepe,
Quhill often times (there is na vther bute)
For pourtie they man leaue of perſute.
Sum ſenators als weill as ſkaffing ſcribes,
Are blinded oft with blinding buds and bribes,
And mair reſpects the perſone nor the cauſe,
And finds for diuers perſones diuers lawes,
Our ciuill, cannon, and municipall,
Suld equallie be miniſtred till all:
They mon ſhaw fauour to their awin dependers,
Quhat ſa they be perſewers or defenders.
I faint to tell their pervers partial pactions,
And how they are diuided all in factions,
Confederate haill with ſubtiltie and ſlight,
A way to vote in voting wrang or right.
O men in whome no feare of God is iudged:
O faithles iudges worthie to be iudged:
Eſhame ye not, or ſtand ye not in aw,
Lawes to profes and erre againſ the law,
O members meete, for meere iniquitie,
Of Rhadamanth or Minos court to be.
The haill abuſe were our prolixt to tell,
That councill houſe it is maiſt like ane hell,
Where there is thrang ay feare, and awfull cryes,
Whereon the bar without puir parties lyes,
As on the riue of Acheron for ſin,
Awaitting faſt quhile Charon take them in:
Where euerie man almaiſt is miſcontented,
Quhair ſillie ſauls are greeuouſlie tormented,
Ay ſorrie, ſad, ay plung'd in paine and greife,

Penſiue

Penſiue in heart and muſing of miſcheif
Their bowells, entraills, with the robbed rowt
Of gredie Harpyes, they are rugged out.
To lead that kinde of life I wearied faſt,
In better hope I left it at the laſt,
And to the court I ſhortlie me addreſt
Beleeuing weill to chuſe it for the beſt:
But from the rocks of Cyclades fra hand
I ſtruik into Carybdis ſinking ſand.
For reuerence of Kings I will not ſtriue
To ſlander courts, but them I may deſcriue,
As learned men hes them depaint before,
Or neare the ſuith, and I am wo therefore.
In courts (Montcreif) is pride, invie, contention,
Diſſimulance, deſpite, diſcreat, diſſention,
Feare, whiſperings, reports, and new ſuſpition,
Fraud, treaſone, lies, dread, guile, ſedition,
Great greedines, and prodigalitie,
Luſts ſenſuall, and partialitie,
Impudencie, adulterie, drunkinnes,
Delicacie, and ſlouthfull idilnes,
Backbiting, lacking, mocking, mutenie,
Diſdainefulnes, and ſhameles flatterie,
Meere vanitie, and naughtie ignorance,
Inconſtancie, and changing with miſchance,
Contempt of all religion, and devotion,
To Godlie deeds na kinde of perfite motion.
Theſe qualities in generall I ſay,
Into all courts are commoun everie day:
I neede not now ſick properties apply,
Thou knawes our Scottiſh court als weill as I:
Our princes ay, as we haue heard and ſein,
Thir mony yeares infortunat hes bein,
And if I ſould not ſpeike with flattring tung,
The greater part bot ſluggiſhly hes rung,
Our Earles and Lords for their nobilitie.

How

How ignorant and inexpert they be,
Upon the priuie counſell mon be chuſed,
Or elſe the King and concill ar abuſed,
And if the Prince augment not ay their rents
Quhat is their mair: they will be mal-contents.
Quhat ſuld the court quhair vertue is neglected?
Quhair men of ſpreit ſa litle ar reſpected?
Quhilk is to be lamented all the mair,
That few of learning ſuld take keip or cair,
As Cicero of Iulius Cæſar ſayis
Euen in his time, gouernement, and dayis,
Quhilk eaſily excells all vther Kings,
In learning, ſpreit, and all ſcholaſticke things.
Sum officers we ſe of naughtie braine,
Weere ignorants, proud, vicious, and vaine,
Of learning, wit, and vertue all denude,
Maiſt blockiſh men, raſh, riatous, and rude:
And flattering fallowis oft ar mair regarded:
A lying ſlaue will rather be rewarded,
Nor they that dois with reaſons rule conferre
Thair kinde of life, and actions, leaſt they erre,
Nor men diſcreit, wiſe, vertous, and modeſt,
Of galland ſpreit, braue trew and worthie treſt,
Quhilk far from hame ciuilitie hes ſein,
And be their maners ſhawis quhair they haue bein:
Quhilk haue the word of God before their eyes,
And weill can ſerue but cannot princes pleis:
For ſum with reaſon will not pleaſed be,
But that quhilk with their humour dois agree.
Hes thow not heard in oppin audience,
The purpos vaine, the feckles conference,
Th' informall reaſons, and impertinent
Of courtiours: quhilks in accouttrement
War gorgious, maiſt glorious, yong and gay:
Bot in effect compare them weill I may
Till images, quhilks ar in temples ſet,

Decorde

Decorde without, and all with gold ou'rcret,
With colors fine, and carued curiouſlie,
The place where they are ſet to beautifie
Bot when they are remarked all and ſum,
They are bot ſtocks and ſtains, bos, deid, and dum.
Bot now the court I will not diſcommend,
I may it meane bot may it not amend.
As for offence of ſpeach I nathing feare it,
For vpright men thereby are nathing deirit:
And ſick as are with wickednes bewitched,
I ſuffie not how viuely they be tuitched.
And if perhaps ſum wald alleadge that I,
Haue this inuaid on malice and inuie,
As he whome in the court few did regarde,
And got na gaine thereby nor na reward,
I grant that may be trew, bot quhat of that?
I little gaine deſerued, and les I gat:
Bot men behald his hienes royall trine,
His palaces, and their apparrell fine,
Behalde his houſe, behald his yearely rent,
His ſeruants heir if they haue cauſe to plent,
Obſerue this realme throughout from eaſt to weſt,
From ſouth to north, if any be oppreſt,
Quhilk iuſtice lacks, behald the common weill,
Then iudge if I be writer fals or leill.
Bot ſick as ſould it mend, let them lament,
I hanted court to lang, and I repent.
Theſe curſed times, this wors nor ſtone age,
Where vertue lurks, where vice dois reigne and rage,
Where faith and loue, where friendſhip is neglected,
Contagiouſlie with time hes me infected:
As vthers are, of force ſa mon I be,
How can I do bot as men doo to me?
In bordels vile a virgine chaiſt and puir,
Becums with time a vile effronted huir:
A trew man taine with pirats on the ſea,

Is forſt to take a part of piracie.
O ſentence ſuthe: I ſay for to conclude,
„ Ill companie corrupteth maners gud."
Trew Damons part to play I wald me bind,
Bot Pythias kinde yet can I neuer find:
„ Loue mutuall wald be, for all in vaine,
„ I fauour ſhaw, if nain I finde againe."
My heart is ſtane within, and yron without,
With triple bras my breiſt is ſet about,
For when of ſtrife, and great miſchance I heare,
Of death, debate, they doo me little deare:
For vthers harme me tuitches not at all,
Swa I be free, quhat rak I what befall?
The line of loue almaiſt I haue forget it,
For why, think I, to nain I am addettit.
Not threttie times as zit the ſhining ſun,
His carrier round and propre courſe hes run,
Sen nature firſt me buir to ioy his light,
And yet I wald (if iuſtly wiſh I might)
Diſſolued be, renewed, and be with Chriſt,
Or fleſh to fardar follie me intiſt:
I feare the warld, I dread allurements fair,
And ſtrang aſſaults corrupt me mair and mair.
Let Sathan rage, let wickednes increes,
I thank my God I am not comfortles:
My comfort lo, my haill felicitie,
Conſiſts in this, I may it ſhaw to thee:
To ſerue the Lord, and on his Chriſt repoſe,
To ſing him praiſe, and in his heichts reioſe,
And ay to haue my mind lift vp on hie,
Vnto that place quhair all our ioy ſall be:
My life and time I knaw it is ſa ſhort,
That heare to dwell I think it bot a ſport:
I haue delight in heart maiſt to behald,
The pleaſant works of God ſa manifolde,
And to my minde great pleaſour is indeede,

The

The nobill writs of learned men to reed:
As Chremes had, I haue ane humaine heart,
And takes of things humaine na little part,
Be word and writ my minde I make it plaine,
To fekfull friends, and they to me againe.

Christian precepts seruing to the practise of Sanctification.

INterprise nathing quhile thou first call vnto the Lord to bles it, and to blesse the meanes, and then refer the succes theirof to him.

Sa soone as ony of thy interprises hes taken effect, incontinent run and thank thy God.

Beware of presumption, selfe loue, and vaine ostentation, whatsoeuer good or great work thou accomplish, for thou may knaw it is the Lord that woorkes by thy hand, & not thou: seeing thou hes had experience of thine awin weakenesse and insufficiencie.

Beware thou iustifie not thy self in thy hart: for thou knaws that thou cannot abstaine fra sinne, nor cannot be saued without the meere mercie of God, shawin in the righteous merits of Jesus Christ.

Instruct and teach thy children and seruants, albeit they be few in number, in the feare of God, as though thou had a great house and familie.

When thou hes the command of God reueiled be his word that thou suld doo ony thing, obey thou euer the command, and let it be a rule to all thy actions, how vnappearant soeuer it be, or far against thy heart, setting asside baith thy awin affections, and all worldlie respects: for quhair God speakes, neuer speire onie farder question, Because he knawes that quhilk thou knawes not.

Giue thou find thy desire extream earnest in any matter, beware thou execute not thy desire, vnles thou haue a speciall warrand of Gods word, that thy desire be agreeable to his will: for the deuill enters in be our inordinat appetits & affections.

Quhen

When thou art in doubt if that quhilk thou art to doo or say, be gud or euill: performe it not vntill thou be resolued.

In doing thy affaires vse diligence and be quick: for thou knawes what hurt and griefe thy slawnes and slouthfulnes hes wrought thee.

Because thy corruption is great, exercise thy selfe in the law of the Lord continuallie, by reading, and hearing his word preached, least thou rowst like yron: fast, pray, sigh, weepe, singe, meditate, and confer with gude men of spirituall things.

Albeit thou be not lang in ane estait, Bot now hett, now cauld in Religion, be not therefore discouraged, for sick is thy weaknes, and sa being the single eie of thy minde be direct towards God, that thy intention be to please him, and that saluation be thy end through faith in Jesus Christ: quhat rack what befall vnto thee: follow foorth thy course and resolution constantlie in seruing God vnto the ende of thy life.

Because it is not possible that thy wit or memorie can be abill to comprehend all things needefull, and all gud precepts, except they be sanctified: Therefore craue that thy heart may be circumcised and clenged, that the Halie Ghaist may dwell in thee and put thee in remembrance of al things according to our Lord Jesu Christs promise.

Hes thou neede of ony thing? pray to God for it.

Wald thou reteine and keepe the good thing quhilk thou hes receaued? Be thankfull to God for it.

Finds thou thy selfe dull and sensuall, and wald haue thy heart stirred vp to prayer and to praise God, humble and beate downe thy body by fasting. Remember on the day of iudgement, call to memorie the Lords benefits bestowed on thee, and how he at ony time hes preserued thee from dangers of bodie or of Saull: Singe with thy mouth, and lift vp thy minde and affectiones vnto him.

To make thee stand in aw when thou art ouer secure and iollie, remember thy awin weakenes, thy monstrous sinnes, and foule defections, and how the Lord at ony time did chastise thee for them.

Althought

Althought thy prayer appeare to be without effect, yet cease not from praying, for if thy petition be lawfull, and that thou submit the granting thereof vnfeinedly to the will of God, be sure that at length thou sall ather get thy desire, or else contentment, as though thou had gotten it.

To make thee charitable towards all men, thinke that they with whome thou hes to do are of the number of the children of God. And quhen thou speakis of the dead, think that they are in Christs Kingdome, & this wil make thee bridle thy tounge.

Sa soone as euer thow fallis in trouble, ather outward, or of the mynd, incontinent haue first refuge to God for reliefe, craiuing counsell of his mouth, & therafter seeke lawfull meanes to be releeued: for begin thou first to seeke worldlie helpe, thou art out of the right waie: therefore seeke first to God, and soone to God.

Beware thou seek not comfort in outwarde thinges, where their is na soliditie nor trew comfort: for quhen it is past it brings greater griefe with it. The solide & trew comfort then is in spirituall things, in auoiding the societie of men, and prophane company, in acquainting thy selfe with thy God by prayer, by reading, meditation, teaching, hearing of the word preached, conferring of spirituall things, and in doing of charitable warks.

Also gif occasion serue, frequent often the Lords supper; Quhilk is the Sacrament and seale of Gods promise, appointed for thy comfort and confirmation of thy faith: In doing whereof thou declares thy obedience and thankfulnes to God. Therfore remoue all impediments whatsumeuer quhilk may debar thee from that holy action.

Gif thou wald eschew anger, passe by a multitude of iniuries and offences that are done thee: for gif thou marke narrowlie euerie faulte and offence that is done, it sall not be possible to be lang in patience.

Cast thy selfe to a certaine calling and vocation, that thou be not lowse and without a craft: And in chuising thy vocation, beeause

(because it is a thing verie hard & difficile) first craue earnestly the direction of God, that thou may chuse the best: Secondly, consider to what vocation thy hart is maist inclined: And thirdly, consider gif God hath indued thee with gifts meet for that calling quhilk thou likes off, And thereafter make election of it.

Hauing chosen a vocation, apply thy heart to thy vocation, and wearie not of it, nather goe about to auoid and cast it off: Bot willingly, and not by constraint imbrace it, be diligent in it and delyte in it.

Be temperate although it be neuer so painefull to thee that thereby thou may be humbled, & made mindefull of thy duety, least thou wounde thy conscience, and become prophane, and harden thy heart be doing the contrare.

Quhen thou art in perplexitie & knawis not quhat to chuse, intrinche thyselfe, and flee to the throne of grace to seeke resolution.

Thinke not that thou by thy industrie, convoy, or diligence, art able to accomplishe onye gude thing: Therefore, craue the Lords blessing to thy affairs, and wait patiently vpon him.

Walk with grauitie, integritie, and with ane vpright heart in all thy actions: and not craftely, feircely, or wilfully, bot with out fretting, murmuring, or vpbraiding.

Be silent and modest, and not light, revealing thy griefe, imperfection and weakenes to euerie man least thou be despised: Bot poure out thy griefes before the Lord, and lament thine estait to him.

After well doing, be ware then of presumption, walke warilie modestlie, and sadly, and be not iolly nor intemperate: For temptation will not cease anie long time, bot thou man suffer in earnest, and not for the fashion.

Be benevolent till all men, and patient towards all, suffering euerie thing patiently for Christis sake and after his example.

Trauaile to be familiar & acquainted with thy God, be prayer and meditation, and walk with him.

Quhen

Quhen thou art sorrowfull, or ioyfull, consider quhere fra the sorrow, or the ioy proceeds, if they proceid from warldlie causes, thy sorrow then is euil, and thy reioysing vaine, bot if thou be sorrowfull for thy sinne, thy sorrow is good and Godlie: And if thy ioy be grounded vpon God, and arise vpon ane inward perswasion of his fauor, and remission of thy sinnes through the merits of Jesus Christ: Then is thy reioysing trew & happie.

Remember that nothing can come vnto thee bot by Gods prouidence and permission: why then suld thou beare onie thing impatiently, seeing it is the Lords wark?

The Lorde is able to doo exceeding aboundantlie aboue all that we aske or think: why suld thou then be carefull, or auaritious?

Studie earnestly to be temperate of thy mouth: for intemperancie hurts the memorie and the iudgement, smores the spirituall gift, makes the heart fat and sensuall, banishes heauenlie thoughts and meditations, and makes men vnable for any gud exercise.

Be continuallie occupied ather in the Lordes seruice, or in thine awin vocation, for the neglecting theirof wounds the conscience?

Gif the Lord haue giuen thee any reasonable maintenence of thy awin, haunt not meikle the tables of vther men.

Refraine thy tunge from cursed speaking, fraward or filthy speaking, whereby the conscience is wonderfullie wounded, & the spreit of Christ that dwels in vs sair greeued.

Craue of God a large and liberall heart, for a gnewous, and pinching heart in matters of small importance is odious.

Meddle not thy selfe with trifle matters, and be not earnest in them, for that is mechanick.

Endeuor thy selfe to haue thy mind stabill in thy prayer and meditation, & suffer not the samin to be interrupted with vaine thoughts or naughtie actiones.

Be not bitter, fraward, earnest, or offended for trifles.

Studie not nor panse not meikle on the feediug of the flesh, nather be curious for the bellie, but be thou sober, and easelie pleased,

pleased.

If thou be a pastour, or a teacher, where euer thou cummis, let thy secreit purpose be to conqueis sum to Christ.

Beware thou lightlie nocht, nor dispise not vthers, but rather consider how lowrd & grose thine awin imperfectiones ar.

Whereeuer thou art iniured, or heirs words vttered to thy reproch or griefe, incontinent perswade thy selfe that it proceids fra God, & that he hes stirred vp the speaker or iniurer against thee. Therefore considder if thou be iustlie quarrelled, and then take it as a chastisement for thy sin: Bot if thou be falsely & vniustly quarrelled, then think it is done by God to try thy faith & patience, wherein thou suld reioyce and reteaue comfort.

In taking thy resolutions, and in doing thy affaires, doo that quhilk may best please God, & may best serue to the expedition of thy turne, to the weill of thy neighbour, and thine awin commendation: Not regarding for a small coast, or halding in of trauell.

Beware thou be not exercised in vaine and childish things, and be not giuen to thy pleasour or satisfying of thy lustis: speciallie quhen thou hes Gods turne in hand: for that quenchis the Spirit.

Be not opiniater & wilfull in trifill maters, or ouer precise in things indifferent, least thou seeme indiscreit & sawcie: bot rather yeeld to the desire and will of vthers.

Beware of the first and sudden motions of the minde, quhilk (as the Philosophers alledges) it is not in mans power to resist therefore seeke thou the power of the Spreit of God, that they breake not out or thou be war, bot that thou may halden in, quhill thou reason with thy selfe.

Craue light of God in all thy particulars, that thou be not guided be the light of nature, and ditement of flesh and bloud: Bot be the spiritual light of Gods word and his Spreit: for it is a great difficultie to knaw what is best to bee chosen in all our particulars, and to discerne betweene the light of nature, & the light of the Spreit of Jesus.

Learne to be sad, silent, sober, and sanctified: hauing thy mind

mind ever lifted upward, and panſing on heauenlie things, and not on earthlie and baſe things.

Remember daylie on the death thou mon die, on the count thou hes to make to God, and on the rewarde quhilk thou art to receaue thereafter, either of ioy, or of torment euerlaſting.

Panſe deeply and conſider with thy ſelfe what kind of thing Eternitie is.

Albeit thou knaw thy ſelfe to bee ſubiect in ſick ſort till onie vice or ſin, that thou cannot abſtaine from it: Neuertheles ceaſe not to fight againſt it, & to make reſiſtance, for giue thou ceaſe to reſiſt, thou giues ouer the chriſtian battell: Therefore, at leaſt be ſorrie for it, take purpose daylie till amend, and though thou fall this day, think weill to riſe againe the morne, and ſa foorth continually follow out that courſe vnto thy liues ende: Craueing grace and ſtrength dayly of God to reſiſt it: then may thou be aſſured that he in his awin time will remooue it, and deliuer thee from the tyrannie thereof.

It may be that ane euill ſpreit follow vpon thee, aud rage in thine affections, ſeauen yeares, twenty yeares, fourtie yeares: yet for all this thou ſuldeſt nocht diſpaire of thine eſtait: For gif thou make onie reſiſtance, thou art not his obedient ſeruant, bot his priſoner, thou art led captiue to ſin: or giue thou obey him willinglie and with a gladnes, without any raluctation or regrait, thou art than his ſlaue & ſeruant. Therefore conſider not only the euill quhilk thou hes done, bot alſo if thou be diſpleaſed with the doing thereof.

Be ſure of thine election, and that thou art in the fauour of God, whereof thir are infallible markes.

Firſt, when thou art come to the trew knawledge of Chriſt and the veiw of his death and reſurrection, by the light of the Euangell.

Secondly, when the Lorde ſuffers thee not to ſlip without correction for thy ſinnes committed againſt him.

Thirdly, When thou knawes thine awin wants and imperfections, and art ſorry for them.

Fourthlie, When thou hes ane earneſt honger and a thirſt, for righteouſnes and perfection.

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Fiftlie, When thou hopes assuredly a day to obtaine through Christ Jesus, that quhilk thou hungers & thirsts for in this life.

Think not that thou art able to attaine vnto perfite haliues in this life: for in vs there is na perfectiō, bot our sufficiencie is from God. The greatest perfection then, that man can attaine vnto during the course of this life, is, to bee of a life vnreprouable, or without sklander in the sight of men: To hait sin, and to loue righteousnes, to lous the appearance of Christ Jesus: And some time to taist and feele a part of that heuenly ioy & peace of Conscience, arising vpon hope quhilk the halie ghaist works in the saule and is called the earnest or erlispennie of the Spireite, wherby we ar sealed to saluatiō. Bot this sense of ioy remaines not alwaies, bot is rare and indures not onie long space albeit all the faithfull feels it not alike, bot some ofter, some sin dillar: some in a greter, some in a smaller measure. Alwaies, the trueth is that the maist part of the children of God are ofter subiect till a feeling of feare and wraith in this life, nor of ioy and peace.

Thinke not that thou art sufficientlie mortified, and speaned from the world, quhile thou be so weil acquainted with thy God that albeit thou were spoiled of friends, force, and of euery warld ly comfort, thogh thou were contemned of all men, & that every thing appeared to go againſt thee: yet not the les thou wald not be discouraged, bot wald be assured to finde comfort in the Lord.

To knaw thy awin nature, take heede how thy mind is occupyed when thou art solitarie, and free from all externall affaires: If altogither on earthly and carnall things, thou art yet earthly and carnall: Bot if on spirituall & heuenly things, it is the warke of the spirit. Also examine thy selfe what thou wald doo if thou were in prosperitie, and had liberty to doo what thou lust: If thy inclination be to seeke riches, honors, estimation of men, to enioy thy pleasor, or to reuenge thy quarrels: certifie thy selfe thou art yet in nature; Bot if thy intention be to glorifie God, and to bee exercised in euery maner of good warke: then be assured thy regeneration is begun.

FINIS.

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A few evident typographical errors having been corrected while passing the sheets through the press, it may be proper to specify them. The words that have been corrected are printed in italics.

Page 13, marginal note, The crepuscule *mantutnie.* Page 20, line 9, drawes *haue* at even. Page 21, line 11, thy fais *the* nocht; and line 35, sall *the* quite. Page 49, line 13, Minzionlie *fing.* Page 50, line 6, Of *barmin* (or *barnin*) Syrt. Page 51, line 12, *omitted in the printed copy, has been supplied, apparently in an old hand, in pencil, on the margin.* Page 51, line 28, Particular *againe.* Page 52, line 20, Mine eare were *deafd;* line 26, diuers *layes.* Page 57, line 35, *Be tims* with.

It would be quite superfluous to point out all the minute variations between the Manuscript and the Printed copy of the Poems. They consist chiefly of mistakes of the transcriber, and in almost no instance improve the reading, unless the following should be considered exceptions:

Page 9, line 10, imagination *wrocht;* line 20, fearefull *flauchts.* Page 11, line 24, the little *frye and.* Page 13, line 15, mans *ioyes.* Page 15, The *wawes* (or *waves*). Page 20, line 25 and 27, *they.* Page 22, line 6, *eagle* wings. Page 23, line 32, as fierie *flauchts.* Page 29, line 2, such *hechts.* Page 37, line 27, on *heaps.* Page 38, line 15, *To ken* fick fooles. Page 40, line 30, And in *that* holie place *is he.* Page 45, *The* 12 *concluding lines of the VIIth, and the whole of the VIIIth Poem, are not contained in the Manuscript.* Page 51, lines 12–14, *in the Manuscript, are*

> The maiftres iharpe of fuiles experience,
> I see the witte of wisdomes audience.
> Quhen I behauld the nature witte and mynde
> Of worldlie weichts—

from this it will be seen that line 12, *as printed within brackets, does not occur in the Manuscript; and line* 25 *is repeated.* Page 53, line 3, *amongst* the lane. Page 59, The Christian Precepts, &c. *are not contained in the Manuscript.*

The Manuscript is a small folio of 66 leaves, written evidently at the beginning of the 17th century. Hume's poems is followed by a transcript of an "Account of Eight learned Persons, converts from Popery to the Reformed Religion," taken from a copy printed at London in 1602. The volume also contains several miscellaneous or religious poems, some of them signed "Semple."

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ANE AFOLD ADMONITIOUN

TO

THE MINISTERIE OF SCOTLAND.

BY ALEXANDER HUME.

PRINTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT IN THE ADVOCATES LIBRARY.

WODR. MS. 4to. Vol. 20. Art. 3.

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ANE AFOLD ADMONITIOUN

TO

THE MINISTERIE OF SCOTLAND.

BY A DEING BROTHER.[1]

GRACE, mercy and peace from God the Father, through our Lord Jeſus Chryſt. It is certainlie knawin, Brethren, to the greiff of monie godlie heartes and ſlander of the Goſpell, that thair ar diſſentionis among you: not concerning the Covenant of God, or the ſeales of the Covenant,[2] bot cheiflie concerning twa poyntis of Diſcipline or Kirk Governement, wheranent you ar devydet in twa factionis or opinionis. Some of yow hold, that among paſtoris thair be paritie, as concerning dignitie or ſuperioritie (althoght as tuitching the meaſour of thair ſpiritual graces thair be gryte imparitie) according to the wordis of our Lorde Jeſus Chryſt to his diſciples, ſaying, Ye knaw that the Lordis of the Gentillis have domination over them; and thei that ar gryt exerciſe authoritie over them: Bot it ſall not be ſo among you; but whoſoever will be gryt among you, let him be your ſervant, &c. (Mat. 20. 25.) As alſo ye hold that of all ſortis of Kirk Governement, it is beſt to haif the Kirk governed by particular Elderſchipis, by Preſbitreis, by Synodole and Generall Aſſembleis, and, by degrees, being countable to another. And this forme of Diſciplin is affirmed to be agreeable with the Word of God, to be ſubſcryuit be many notable preacheris and profeſſoris of the Reformed Religioun, and to be ratefeit in Parliament by the Prince, and whole Eſtatis of the Kingdome: promeſing by a ſolemn othe to remane conſtant thairat, and to defend it to thair lyves end. On the other part, otheris of you, within theis few yeiris, ſuſtene, that, among paſtoris, thair ſould be imparitie; not onlie in giftis of the mynd, bot alſo in dignitie and jureſdiction. Yow

[1] Although Hume's name is not subjoined to the manuscript, there is no reason to doubt that this Admonition was written by him. He died, as stated in the Preface, December 4th, 1609; and from an allusion contained in page 9, the date of the composition could not have been earlier than the year 1607.

[2] In the Manuscript, letter *w* is generally written as *v*, and *v* as *w*; *y* occurs as *z*, and *th* as *y*, peculiarities which it was not thought necessary to retain.

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hold alſo, that the Kirk ſould not onlie be governed by preſbitreis, and aſſembleis, and pluralitie of voittis, bot alſo by Byſchopes in preſbitreis and aſſembleis, quha ſould ſitt in Counſall, and Parliament, be called Lordis, reaſone and vote, in name of the whole Kirk, and be moyanners, and mediatoris betweene the Kirk and the Prince: Quhairin ye appeir to conforme your ſelfes to the Diſciplin of our nychtbour countrey of England. And this ſum of you not onlie ſuſtene by opinion, bot alſo have proſecuted in effect; quhairupon hath enſcheued, bothe a diſtractioun of myndes, and a ranckling of affectiones. Surelie, Brethren, it may be ſaid to you, as Demaratus the Corinthian ſaid to Philipe of Macedone: Demaratus being come towardis Philip, Philip demanded him, How the Grecians accorded amongſt tham ſelfis? To whome he anſuered, ironicallie, Indeede (Sir) it becometh you weill to be cairfull and inquiſitive of the concord of the Grecians, ſeeing ye haif filled your awen hous with ſo gryt quarrellis and diſſentions (for Philip haid taken to wyfe Cleopatra, beſydes his other wyfe Olympias who boore it impatientlie, and ſtirred up hir ſone, Alexander, againſt his Father). So, when ye exhort the People to concord, it may be juſtlie objected unto yow, why then ar ye Paſtoris at diſcord?

But who is the caus of it? Will you ſaye, Trye them, and let them bare the blame and incurre the cenſures. For manifeſtatioun heirof, the ground and occasioun of this diſſentioun wald be ryped up: whiche, in ſinceritie, is this. Since the Reformatioun of Religioun within this Natioun, the Kirk hath ever bene traveling to haif vote in Parliament, by Commiſſioners elected and directit from the Generall Aſſemblie (as Brughis and Baronis have). To reaſone of the equitie and expediencie of this petitioun, I will not now.

Bot I juge charitablie, and do reverence the judgement of ſo wyſe and godlie Fatheris as ſocht it, who wer happie inſtrumentis of reformatioun and reſtauratioun of religioun within this land; whois intentioun (I doubt not) hath bene to provyde by that meane, that the Kirk of God ſuld receave no detriment, and to give the lycht and reſolutione of Godis word, to that higheſt cowrt, in macking of lawis and conſtitutionis, and in everie difficultie that mycht occurre. At laſt the Prince (not only reſpecting the godlie purpois of the Kirk, bot alſo the advancement of his Royall Eſtate) yeelded to this long urged petitioun, not ſimplie, bot upone certane conditiones; *videlicet*, Firſt, That the electioun of the Miniſteris that ſuld ſit, and haif votte in Parliament ſould pertene to the King, and not to the Kirk. Nixt, that thei ſuld not be changed, for their lyftymes; to the end they might be more expert boythe in matteris Civill and Eccleſiaſticall. Thridlie, for releif of the povertie of the Kirk, that thei ſould haif competent livingis (even Byſchoprickes) for mantenance of

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ſuche honorable eſtate, as is requiſite. This being offered be the Prince in the Generall Aſſemblie at Montroſs,[3] efter ſum reaſoning, the haill Aſſemblie agreit weill, to the augmentation of ſuche miniſteris mantenance; bot as tuitching thair name, and continuance in thair office, it was controuerted, and goeth to voting. The firſt queſtioun is ſett downe, Quhither they ſuld be called Lord Biſchopes, or Commiſſioneris from the Generall Aſſemblie? The uther, Quhither they ſould demitt and lay down thair office, and revenew yeirlie at the Aſſemblies feete, and be newlie elected *annuatim*, or that they ſould contenew in thair office *ad vitam*, they being unreprovable in thair lyfe, office, and calling? The ſuffrages being gatherit in the Kingis preſence, it wes concluded, by pluralitie of vottes, that the ſaidis preacheris ſould be ſtylit Commiſſioneris of the Kirk, or of the Generall Aſſemblie: and that thei ſould demitt thair office *annuatim*, and be elected of new. Quhat I ſpeake or wreit now, I do it *in foro conſcientiæ*, and in ſight of the alſeeing eye of God; becaus I wes bothe a ſeeing and a hearing witnes, to that quhilk wes done. The Prince wes diſpleaſit with the concluſioun, and wald not admitt preacheris upon his Parliament, upon ſuche conditiones: Quhairfoir the Aſſemblie wes forced eyther to condiſcend that thair brethrene foirſaid ſould contenow in that office, and injoye thair livings *ad vitam, ſiue ad culpam*, or ellis to have no vote in Parliament at all. For eſchewinge of the whiche extremitie, as alſo for preventing of all abuſe, and tyrannie that might creepe in into the Kirk; it wes thocht ſpeedfull, that ſuche Brethren ſould be aſtricted till a number of Cawtions, or Caveatis ſpeciallie expreſſed, to be as bandis to reſtrane thame and retain them in goode ordour.

Ille dies primus læti primuſque malorum
Cauſſa fuit.

For upone this occaſione ſume of you, my Brethren, without delay tooke Byſchoprickes of the Prince,[4] with all emolumentis, priviledges, juriſdictionis, eſtate, and dignity, quhilk pertenit or micht pertene thairto of awld, (that is to ſay, in tyme of Poperie) as may be ſene in your proviſiones. Ye maid no ſcruple to tak upon you, the name of Biſchopes, of Archbiſchopes, and of Lordes of ſuche and ſuche places; ye were not aſchamed to ryde to Parliament, magnifickly mounted and apparrelled, in ranck befoir monie of the Nobilitie; and being more mad, ye have maid

[3] The General Assembly, at Montrose, was held March 28, 1600. A detailed account of the proceedings, to which Hume here alludes as an eye-witness, is given by Calderwood, and othe historians of the period. See also M'Crie's Life of Melville.

[4] George Gladstanes was preferred to the See of Caithness, in the year 1600, and other similar appointments were made soon after the Assembly at Montrose, in violation of the Caveats which had then been agreed upon.

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no conſcience, to becum conſtant Moderatoris in Preſbytreis, and Synodole Aſſembleis; to call your Brethren Puritanes, whiche ganeſtand your courſes; to put a note to the names of ſuche and ſuche of your Brethren in the Buikis of Aſſignatioun, that they ſuld not be anſuerd of thair ſtipendis; and, in a word, ye haif haid na reſpect to the obſervatioun of the cawtions quhairunto ye wer ſubject: but haif tranſgreſſit them at your awin pleſour. Moreover, for oppoſing of them to this your courſe and proceedingis, your Brethren of gryteſt giftis (within the land) for learning, utterance, zeale, ſanctificatioun, ar ſum exylit, ſum confyned, ſum incarcerat, and ſum ſilenced.[5] Behold how gryt a thing a lytill fyre hath kendlit? Behold at how narow a rift that awld lubrik ſerpent hathe ſlydin in; *apertum eſt nunc, quod opertum erat antea:* It is now evident that ye have departed from your Brethren, and not thei from you: yow then ar to be blamed for your deſertioun, and not they for thair ſtanding.[6] Alace, my Brethren, why have ye ſlandered the Goſpel? Why haif yee diſquyeted the lytill flock of Jeſus Chriſt? Why haif yee added more greif unto the bandis of deare brethren within our nychtbour countrie? Why haif ye built agane the thingis whiche before ye diſtroyed, and ſo have maid yourſelves treſpaſſouris. (Galat. 2. 18.) For ye will not denye bot ſumtyme ye have preached againſt that ſort of Hierarchie and Kirk governement, and that bothe your ſelfis have approved, and alſo have exhorted the people and nobles of the land, to ſubſcrywe that ſchort Confeſſioun of Fayth, ſubſcrivit be the Prince, his domeſtickis, and many utheris, at Edinburgh the 18th of Januarij, 1580-1 yeiris, quhairin this claus following is contened, *ad verbum.* "To the which (*videlicet* Reformed Kirk at that tyme in Scotland) we joyne our ſelfis willinglie in Doctrine, Fayth, Religioun, Diſcipline, and uſe of the Halie Sacramentis, as lyvelie memberis of the ſame in Chriſte our heade: promeſing and ſueiring by the gryt name of the Lord our God, that we ſall contenew in the obedience of the doctrine and diſcipline of this Kirk, and ſall defend the ſame according to our vocatioun and powar all the dayes of our lyves, under the paines contened in the lawe, and danger baythe of bodie and ſaule, in the Day of the Lordis fearfull Judgment."

May not this, think you, prick any conſcience in the warld that is not paſt all feeling? I omitt that which ye have done ſince, Brethren, in thois Aſſembleis, appoynted for the renewing of the Covenant. In ſume of the whiche, ſum of you wer Moderatoris your ſelves.

[5] This, no doubt, alludes to the banishment of Forbes, Welsh, Dury, and other Ministers, who were tried for holding the Assembly at Aberdeen, in July 1605, in opposition to the King's will; and also to the silencing of Robert Bruce, and to the imprisonment of Andrew Melville in 1607.

[6] This passage is evidently that to which Row refers, when mentioning this Admonitioun as the work of Hume. See Preface, page iii.

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But you will ſaye that ſumtyme ye wer of that opinioun, bot now ye haif receaved gryter lyght, and ſee that whiche befoir ye ſaw not, and thairfoir may alter your purpois and opinioun. Indeede, I grant ye ſee now thrie thingis, whiche befoir ye ſaw not: to wit, the object of warldlie commoditie, the object of warldlie promotioun, and the blandiſchementis of ane eloquent Prince. But as to farther licht of Goddis worde then ye haid befoir, yee can haif nane, for otheris of your brethren who may be your teacheris can ſee none ſuche light. Ye obtende alſo the releif of the Kirk from povertie and contempt by your goode offices in court and counſall. A fair pretext, indeede, to cover your covetouſnes and ambitioun, But althogh ye haid ſuche reſpect, yit ye knawe *non facienda ſunt mala ut eveniant bona*, your meaning doubtles is pervers: and as tuitching the dignitie of the Kirk of God, whiche ye count loſt, did it ever conſiſt in warldlie welthe, warldlie pompe, or in outward ſplendour? No, ſurelie no: bot in pietie and puritie of lyfe, diſcipline and doctrine; the Lord is the everlaſting light of his Kirk, and our God our glorie, (Iſaye, 60. 19.) Whereas the former ar the markis of the gryte whore that ſitteth upone many wateres, which ar people, and nationes, and tonges, and multitudis. (Revel. 17. 1, 15.) But to cum to the mane point: ye pretend perhappes Scripture and Antiquitie, for your warrand and defence; and firſt it is alleged that the Apoſtle giveth the name of Biſchope till a paſtore: Thairfore the name muſt be admitted as goode. Let it be ſo, but before we go farther, the name of Archbiſchope is never mentioned by the Apoſtle, nor by the Spreit of God; and thairfore it muſt needis be exploded, as evile and Antichriſtian: but to reteir me to the name of Byſchope, yee knaw that *Epiſcopus* ſignifieth ane overſear, and is a relative word, and hath relatione to ſum thing whiche he ſould overſee. I demand then, that a Biſchope of whom the Apoſtle ſpeaketh, quherof ſould he be a byſchope or owerſear? Not of a benefice or earthlie rent, but of the ſoules of men, and not of the ſoules of paſtoris lyk unto him ſelf, but of the flock committed to his charge, whome we call profeſſouris. The Apoſtle ſayeth to Timotheus, quhom he ſtyleth a Byſchope, I charge ye thairfore before God, and before the Lord Jeſus Chryſt, &c., preache the word; be inſtant in ſeaſone and out of ſeaſone, improve, rebuke, exhort with all long ſuffering and doctrine. And agane, But watche thow in all thingis; ſuffer adverſitie; do the wark of ane Evangeliſt, mak thy miniſtrie full knawin, (2 Tim. 4. 15.) Siklyk the Apoſtle Peter ſayethe, The Elderis quhilk ar among you I beſeik, quha am alſo ane eldar, &c., feede the flocke of God whiche dependeth upon you, caring for it, not by conſtraint bot willinglie, not for filthie lucre bot of a ready mynd, not as thocht ye wer Lordis ower Goddis heretage, but that ye may be ane enſample to the flock. And when the chief Schipherd ſall appeir, ye may receave ane incorruptible crowne of glorie. (1 Peter, 5. 1.) Suche ſould

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our Byſchoprickis be, no doubt, as wes the Byſchoprick of Jeſus Chriſt; not carnall, bot ſpiretuall; not of earthlie lordſchipis, bot of men and wemens ſowles; for he is onlie one cheif Schiphird and byſchope of all our ſoules, and ye are brethren, (1 Peter, 2. 25.)

Nixt, gif ye wald alledge Timothie to haif bene Byſchope of Epheſus, and Titus of the Kirk of Cretians, let it be ſo; yet it proveth not that thei haid anie warldlie dignitie (ſuch as ye cleame) or anie ſuperioritie over thair brethren; onlie it proveth tham to haif bene overſeearis of the ſoules of theis kirkis, and to haif bene preaching eldaris, quhilk we admitt; for it is manifeſt that the Apoſtle vſeth the name of *Preſbiter* and *Epiſcopus*, of elder and byſchope indifferentlie, (Tit. 1. 5, 6, 7;) him quhom he called Elder in the 5 verſe he calleth Byſchop in the 7. In ſuche ſort, that, quhen the Apoſtle commandeth Timotheus and Titus to ordene elderis or preſbyteris in everie citie quhair they wer not, he giffeth conſequentlie the lyke command and powar to uther preſbiteris or elderis of cities to do the lyke quhen neede requyred, ſeing the elder and byſchope ar bothe ane. The Apoſtle Peter callethe him ſelf ane elder. (1 Pet. 5. 1.) Ergo, ane elder muſt be als gryt as a byſchope, or els ye muſt mak a byſchope gryter then ane Apoſtle, whiche is abſurde. Jerom ſayeth, *Iidem epiſcopi et preſbyteri fuerunt, quia, illud nomen dignitatis eſt, hoc etatis*, and agane, *Epiſcopi nouerint ſe magis conſuetudine, quam veritate diſpoſitionis Dominicæ, Preſbiteris eſſe maiores;* and in effect as Timotheus ordaned elderis, by laying on of the handis of elderis, Deſpyſe not the gift that is in ye (ſayeth St Paull) whiche wes giffin ye by prophefie, with the laying on of the handis of the company of the eldarſchip. (1 Tim. 4. 14.) Behold a ground for preſbytreis, and for paritie betuene elderis and biſchopes.

Now, gif ye wald inferre imparitie to haif bene amang the Apoſtles, becaus ſum ar called leiſt, ſum gryteſt, ſum cheif, ſum pillaris, it importeth nothing, by reaſone that is not ſpokin, in reſpect of thair eſtate or juriſdictione, bot in reſpect of thair gracis and giftis of the Holie Goſt that wer in them. As is manifeſt of the text. If then, (ſayeth Paul,) ye haif judgement of thingis pertening to this lyfe, ſet vp them quhilk ar eſtemed leiſt in the Kirk, (1 Cor. 6. 4;) leaſt eſtemed as concerning judgement, that thei might judge of warldlie thingis betuene brethren, for ſo it followeth. Agane he called him ſelf the leaſt of the Apoſtles, and of all ſanctes; why? becaus he perſecuted the Kirk of God. (1 Cor. 15. 9. Eph. 3. 8.) Tharefter he ſayeth, I aucht to haif bene commended of you; for in no thing wes I inferiour to the verie cheif apoſtles. How ſo? he ſubjoyneth, the ſignes of ane Apoſtle wer wrocht among you, with all patience, with ſignes and wonderis and gryt workis. (2 Cor. 12. 11, 12.) And agane, he ſayeth, that he went up to Jeruſalem to the Apoſtles, and com-

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municated with them of the Goſpell, but particularlie with them that wer the chief, &c.; that of them which ſchemed to be gryt he wes not taucht, and thei that wer the cheif did communicat nothing with him, &c. And that James, and Cephas, and Johne, whiche wer counted to be pillaris, gave to him and to Barnabas, the richt handis of fellowſchip, when thei knew of the grace that wes given them, &c.; quhair it is evident, that he called theis Apoſtles gryte, cheif, and pillaris, for thair wiſdome and knawledge, for he is ſpeaking of the communicating of the Goſpell, of teaching and graces of the Holy Ghoſt. (Gal. ii. 2. 6. 9.) Surelie when there aroſe a ſtryfe among the diſciples of Chryſt, which of them ſould ſcheme to be the gryteſt (as concerning earthlie dignitie and dominion) give he wald haif haid ony to have reule ower the reſt, he wald ſone have reſolved them, and ſaid, Peter ſall be gryteſt, Johne ſall be gryteſt, or James ſall be gryteſt, I ſet them over you: obey them, or ony of them. Bot he ſayeth no ſuche thing; bot by the contrarie he makethe ane equalitie among them, as is ſaid befoir. Luk. 22, 24. By Scripture, then, ye will never prove your purpois of Byſchopis worldlie pompe, nor of thair ſuperioritie, over their brethren. One of your awin ordour, even he of Rocheſter, confeſſeth in his late ſermoun upon that ſubject,[7] that the dignitie and ſuperioritie of Byſchopis, appeareth not ſo weill by precept in the Scriptures, as by practiſe, where he compareth thair juriſdiction to the ſanctifeing of the Lordis day, anent the which thair is no precept bot practiſe of the Apoſtles.

Gif Scripture faill you, my Brethren, Antiquitie can availl you the less; becaus it obligethe not the conſcience. Bot gif ye wold alledge Ignatius to have bene Byſchope of Antioch, Athanaſius of Alexandria, Optatus of Miletus, Ambroſius of Milan, Chriſoſtome of Conſtantinople, Cyprian of Carthage, Auguſtine of Hippo, and manie utheris in dyvers aidges, and in dyvers citeis and nationis who wer worthie men of God, who have written notable workis, ſatt in Councillis, refuted hereſeis, confuted heretickes, ſufferit perſecutioun, and ſum of them martyred for the teſtimonie of Jeſus: It is anſwered, that no man can juſtlie deny bot that theis wer notable preacheris and faythful Byſchopes, that is, Overſearis and Paſtores of the ſowles of theis citeis, ſo ought all Paſtoris of congregationis to be, even faythfull Byſchopes and Overſeeris of their flockis. But quhat importeth this? The hiſtorie proporteth (will ye ſaye) that ſum of theis Byſchopes ſeates wer above ane other, and wer not all equal. I anſuer, why not? for decencie and goode ordour one muſt needes go befoir another, ſit above another, and vote before another. In geving

[7] This reference is to the Sermon by Bishop Barlow, being one of four, preached at Hampton Court, in September 1606. It was printed at London in 1607, 4to; and the passage to which Hume alludes, is contained on sign. E. 4.

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honour (ſayethe the Apoſtle,) let one go before another. (Rom. 12. 10.) Yea, and in aſſembleis alſo, it is requiſit that one be ſpeche man and mowthe to the reſt. But all this proveth no ſupremacie, or juriſdictioun over thair brethrein, althogh ſum for thair aige, ſum for thair giftes, ſum for the grytnes and antiquitie of the cities quhair they taught, wer ſo reverenced and honored by thair brethren. But it appeareth manifeſtlie that theis worthie men did not frequent Princes' courtes, nor entangle them ſelfis withe ſecular effeares: but waited upon their callingis and their ſtudeis, or ellis thei could never have compoſed ſo notable workes. But I know ye will at laſt afferme, that even ſome of theis perſonages haid a ſupremacie, and exerciſed a juriſdiction over their brethren within their boundis and dioceiſes, having powar to convocat, to try, to plant, to deprive paſtoris, &c. from tyme to tyme in the Kirk, for the Metrapolitane wes above the Biſchope, and the Patriark above the Metrapolitan, &c. To this I anſwer, as Chryst anſwered to his diſciples concerning the bill of divorcement givin by Moſes: Becauſe of the hardnes of your heart (ſayeth he) Moſes ſuffered yow to put away your wyfes: bot from the beginning it wes not ſo. (Mat. 19. 7.) So ſay I, Empreouris micht ſo have ordaned for thair policie, and paſtoris for thair tranquillitie or thair commoditie, but from the beginning it wes not ſo. The Empreour Juſtinian, who began to reigne the 527 yeir of our Redemptioun, and regned to the 565, ordaned that gif ane elder or deacon wer accuſed, his Byſchope ſould haif the hearing of the mater; if a Byſchope wer accuſed, his Metrapolitane ſould heare the mater; if a Metrapolitane, his Archbyſchope or Patriarche of the dyoceſe (which is all one) ſould heare it. (Cap. 5. *Non ſolum, Nouell.* 137.) Siclyke, that clergiemen's cawſes eccleſiaſticall ſould firſt be brocht to the Biſchope of the citie. (*Leg. Sancimus Cod. Epiſcop. audien.*) We find of awld, that the Byſchope of the cheif citie of everie province wes called Metrapolitane, to quhome ſum Cownſales not onlie committed the preſidentſchip: bot alſo that non ſuld be maid Biſchope of any other citie of the province without his conſent, nor any mater of weght to be done without him. (*Concil. Nicen. can.* 4. *et* 6. *Concil. Antioch. can.* 9.) Now the Empreour of Rome deuyded ſindrie gryteſt pairtes of his dominioun, to preſidentis or lieutenantis, whiche were called dyoceſes, and contened manie provinces within them, where throgh the Biſchopes of theis citeis, quhair the Empreouris lieutenantis maid reſidence, grew in power, nether wer they onlie named Archebyſchopes and Patriarches of the dioceſes, but alſo thei obtened, that the Metrapolitans of the provinces within thair dioceſes ſould be ſubject to them, as Byſchopes wer to thair Metrapolitans. In ſic ſort, that nothing could be done in the Eiſt without the conſent of the Patriarche, or Archebyſchope of Antiochia, which contened 7 pro-

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vinces; nothing in the dioceſe of Egipt, without the Patriarche of Alexandria, wherin wer 10 metrapolitanes or provinces; and cheiflie to the Patriarche or Archebyſchope of Conſtantinople wes granted that the Metrapolitanes of thrie dyoceſes, viz. Aſia, Pontus, and Thracia, within the whiche wer 28 provinces, ſuld be ordaned by him. (*Concil. Conſtantinop.* 1. *can.* 2. *Concil. Antioch. in exord. Concil. Calced. action.* 4. *et* 1. 16.)

What have we now to do with theis lawis and ordinances of Empreouris and Canons of Concilis which the warld may ſie to contene gryte abuſe and iniquitie? Surelie the Word of God, and not the examples nor ordinances of men, ſould be a rewle to the governement of the miſticall bodie of Jeſus Chryſt, whiche is his Churche. Ye ar not ignorant of the errouris of the ancient Fathers, in verie materis of religioun: Ireneus and Lactantius wer a chiliaſt: Tertullian a montaniſt; Cyprian ane Anabaptiſt; Theophilus ane Arrian; Fauſtus ane Pelagian; Hilarius ſpak doubtfullie of the Holie Spreitt; Auguſtine damned unbaptized infantis, &c. whereof ſum wer corrected by the word, and ſum of them remaned in thair errour. Tharefore we ſould fallow the Fatheris in doctrine, diſcipline and lyfe, ſo far onlie as they fallow Chryſt and his word. This hierarchie then, this pompe and dignitie and juriſdictione of Byſchopes, is the undowted diſcipline and enſignie of the Romane Antichryſt, and ſmelleth nothing of the doctrine nor humilitie of Jeſus Chryſt, or his diſciples, whome he commandeth to waſche one anotheris feete, and one to ſerve another. (Johne 1. 13, 14. Math. 20. 27, 28.) Moreover, to prove that ye have done evill in uſurping the ſtyll, office, and dignitie of Lord Byſchops, I uſe theis argumentis following: Firſt, your calling is not lawfull, becaus ye haif it not of the Kirke, bot of the King. *Epiſcopatus enim et ſacerdotia non ſunt Principum munera* (i. e.) *dona, ſed Eccleſiæ munera* (i. e.) *officia.* 2°. *Qui pecunia aut favore Principum ad Epiſcopatum perveniunt, Epiſcopi non ſunt: ſed vos favore Principis ad Epiſcopatus perveniſtis: Ergo Episcopi non eſtis.* 3°. Ye ever proceaded covertlie in this matter, as in taking of your proviſiones, in taking upone you the office of conſtant Moderatoris; in aſſenting to cawtiones quhilk ye never keepe; in becoming viſitouris of kirkes within your provinces, &c. all the whiche abhorre from the ſimplicitie of Chryſtis miniſteris, and are indices of ane evill cauſe. 4. Ye wer eſchamed in the beginning to be called Lordis (though nowe through cuſtome ye glorie in it), whiche wes a takin ye had no guid warrand in your conſcience for it: and in effect, the name ſtinketh in a preacher; for albeit Κυριος and *Dominus* may ſignifie the ſame, whiche ar bot ſtyles of reverence, yit mark quhat the uſe and importance of the word is; in our language it ever importeth a dignitie and ſuperioritie. 5. Sindrie of your Brethren

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of more excellent giftis nor ye micht have haid the ſame rowmes and ſtyles, upon the ſame conditiones, and yet repudiated them. Quhat audacitie, then, or impudencie is it in you to accept them. 6. It is ane enemie to your principall calling and ſpirituall graces, for I poſe you in conſcience ſen ye become Byſchopes, ar your teares and grones more frequent? Ar your prayeris more fervent? Ar your meditationis more heavenlie? Ar your ſermonis more ſpiritual and powerfull; and, fynallie, ar your lyves more pure? I trow not, my Brethren, but rather I feare a decadence. Alace then, gif ſo be, your travellis ar evill ſpent, and deare ar your byſchopryckes bocht. And to ſpeake as the thing is, what ar all your glorious ſtyles, your gryte traine, your dentie tables, your coſtlie apparell, your ſitting in Council, your ryding in Parliament, your trafficking and credite in Court, but a ſawing to the fleſche, and abhorreth ſa far fra the profeſſioun of a mortefeit miniſter, *ut nihil ſupra?* Remember, theirfoir, that he quha ſaweth to his fleſche, ſall of the fleſche reip corruptioun. (Gal. 6. 8.) But he quha ſaweth to the ſpreit, ſall of the ſpreit reip lyfe everlaſting? Quhat ſall I more ſaye? In uther weill reformed Kirkis, namelie, in France and Scotland, ye ever ſie, that whair Papiſtrie is banyſched, ſo is that ordour of imperious Byſchopis, as ane of the intollerable abuſſes thairof. If ye wald except Ingland, and commend the diſcipline thairof, I ſay no more: bot gif theis men governe weill, they have quhairin to rejoſe; but not with God. They may governe weill for thair awin warldlie commoditie. But as for the poore Kirk of God within that land (as I heare) it is waſted. Papiſtes abound in all quarteris of the realme; doltis and flattereris ar planted at the moſt pairt of the Kirkis; all kynd of vyce and diſſolutioun overfloweth without ſchame or puniſhment. Before or efter the repaſt few gif God thankes, or ſaye the grace: ſo graceles ar they. And men, of gryteſt zeale and ſanctificatione among them, that are trewlie reformed indeede, are checked and borne downe and in contempt, and ar called vyle and monſtrous Puritanes, by men of gryte impuritie. Nevertheles, without queſtioun, theſe Ingliſche Byſchopes ar more excuſable then ye our Scottis Byſchopes, and in the daye of the Lordis judgement it ſall be eaſier for them then for you. The reaſon is this, in reſpect the Kirkis of France and of Scotland, with ſum of Germanie, have maid gryter progres in reformatioun of religioun then the Kirk of Ingland. Trew it is, that in Ingland thair is ane begun reformatioun, conſidering the yoke and tyranny of the Roman Antichryſt is caſſin of. But as yet thair remane ſum veſtiges of idolatrie and ſuperſtitioun, whiche in the uther forſaid Kirkis ar utterlie aboliſched. In Jehuda the idoles wer dyvers tymes broken doun by ſindrie guid Kingis, as by Aſa, Jehoſaphat, Uzziah, &c.; but

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the groves and hie places remaned ever ſtill, and wer not put awaye till the dayes of Hezekiah and Joſias, who maid a perfyte reformatioun. In lykmanner, althoght idoles be demolyſched, and the Pope's authoritie be rejected in the realm of England; yit the hie places are not put away, that is, the preheminence of Byſchopes, their ſurplus, their organes, their lightis, their obſerving of feiſtis, their faſting in the tyme of Lent, &c. whiche reſemble the cicatrices of ane evill-cured wound. Notwithſtanding, we ſould not diſpair of our nychtbour countrie; but rather houp that the Lord, quhilk in mercie had begun the Reformatione by good Queen Elizabeth (whois verie duſt I reverence), will alſo in his appoynted tym abſolve the reformation, and raiſe up ane Hezekiah or a Joziah, evin move the heart of a King James, or efter him, raiſe a King Harie,[8] for performing thairof. Now, as concerning theis Byſchopes of England, I ſay, that ſuche Reformatioun as they fand, ſuche they keepe. But gif yee, my Brethren, wald returne to their forme, after ye have proceeded forther in trew Reformatioun then they, than ye mak a retrogradatione, and ar without all excuſe. But I leave them, Brethren, and reteare me to our ſelfis. Since the Reformatione of religioun within Scotland, that ordour of imperious Byſchopes hath had no place in the Kirk of God. And when on or twa attempted thairunto laitlie, they wer caſſin out of the Kirk, and receaved the foillie,[9] althoght they wer fortifeit for a tyme by the gryteſt of the land. One of the quhilk Byſchopes, (whois bookes ye know, and ſum of you wer meane eneugh to beare for eloquence and eruditione,) repented with teares at his departing this lyffe,[10] that he ſuld haif run ſuche an evill courſe, and ſocht preheminence above his brethrene. If ſuche a man, then, indewed with ſo gryte giftis, did ſo; who ar ye litle ones to ſuccede wittinglie in his vice [place]? Our foirſaid Forme of Diſcipline hath bene eſtabliſched be wyſe, learned, and godlie Fatheris with gryte panes, and hathe bene reverentlie embraced by all eſtatis, as abovewritten: And the Lord hath accompanyed it with a wonderfull bleſſing. And will yee preſume to demolyſche that quhilk they haiff built, and reedifie that quhilk thei haif demoliſched? Remember the curs that fell upone Hiel, the Bethelite, for building Jericho, whiche Joſua haid diſtroyit? he layit the fundation thairof in Abiram, his eldeſt ſone, and ſett up the gattes thairof in his yongeſt ſone Segub, according to the

[8] Prince Henry, eldeſt ſon to James VI., and at this time, of course, heir-apparent to the throne. He died November 6th, 1612.

[9] "Receaved the foillie," probably means, "were foiled."

[10] This may allude to Patrick Adamson, Archbishop of St Andrews, who died February 19, 1591. His Recantation, made in 1591, in which he condemned Episcopacy, and regretted his own conduct, is undoubtedly genuine, whatever may have been his motives in making it.

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prophecie of Joſua. (1 Kings, 16. 34. Joſua, 6. 26.) It is a fearfull thing to build up that which the Lord hathe diſtroyed.

Now I preſuppone that theis grave perſonages wer alyve to behold your proceedingis, whoes names I bluſche not to expres, ſeing thei ar with the Lord: as Mr Knox, Mr Johne Craig, Mr Johne Rowe, Mr Alexr. Arbuthnet, Mr Thomas Smeton, Mr Andro and George Hayes, and Geŏrge [John] Spoatſwode, &c. wold they not ſay that thay ſawe ſpottis in the Kirk? and micht ye not hyde your faces, in the preſence of ſuche pillaris and paternes? Quhat moveth you then, Brethrene, to contenew in ſo wilfull ane errour? Is it becaus the Prince counteth it good ſervice? Know ye not quhat conceate the Prince hath of you. It appeareth by his anſwer giffin concerning you, that when it was motioned to his Majeſtie, that ſeing he wald needes haif Biſchopes ſet up in Scotland, why did he not mak electioun of the beſt men? his anſwer wes that the beſt he could not gett, and thairfoir muſt tak ſuch as he culd haive. Behold a fair commendatione to you in deede: that the thing quhilk better men makis conſcience to do, yee mak none at all. And it is obſerved, that one of twa ſortis of men, tak upone them to be Biſchopes, viz. Eyther thay ar men of mean paſtorall giftes; or ellis they are men addicted to the warld, and of meane ſanctificatione; whiche, lothing on their calling, leave thair ſtatione, and neglecting the inward confortis, delyght in the outward. Farther, I put the cace that the Prince haid never perſuaded you to this, neyther uttered his affectioun towardis ſuche a cours, wald ever ſuche a motioun have entered in your myndis, as to allow of it? Or incaice the Prince yit change his mynd, and wald diſallow ſuch a Forme of Diſcipline (*poſito enim quod fieri poteſt nihil ſequitur abſurdi*) quhat wald ye doe? Wald ye not eyther caſt down your countenance and count your ſelfis meere fooles? Or ellis wald ye not recant and ſaye withe , *Calcate nos ſalem inſipidum?* Quhairfore it wer good to be wyſe in tyme, for gif ye go about to pleaſe men, ye can not be the ſervantis of Chryſt, (Gal. 1. 10.) Ye think your Brethren ar not ſuche ſervantis to the King as ye ar, but therin ye deceave your ſelfis; for they ar Goddis men and the Kingis in all thingis that God commandeth: Bot ye appeare to be Goddis men and the Kingis in ſo far as the King commandeth. Returne, my Brethren, to your firſt huſband, and to your Mother the holie Kirk; returne home to your Fatheris houſe, for why will ye waſt all your portioun with ryotous leving, lyk that prodigall chyld, (Luc. 15. 13.) and be ſent to feede ſwyne? I meane your ſpirituall graces, whiche ye waſt, and feede your ſenſes and foull affections, lyk ſwine, withe the abjectis of this warld! Remember from whence ye are fallin; and let not that proverb be found trew in you, *Raro vidi clericum penitentem.* It wer more decent a greate deale for you to have Chriſt and the

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Kirk ofter in your mouthe and your myndis, then to haif the King and the Court ſo oft in your mynde and in your mouth. Lykwyſe to you all Brethrene, that ar of this Epiſcopall opinioun, and intend to ſucceede to them, *ſede vacante*, I ſay, *Linquite externos iſtos mores*, whiche I beſeik the Lord ye may doe ſpeedilie.

Bot now I cum to your pairtt, Brethren, which keepethe your firſt profeſſioun: And albeit I haif mentioned the allurementis that haif bewitched your Brethrene, nevertheles I wald wiſche you to think that their is no ſmall caus and fault in your ſelfis, whiche have provokit the Lord juſtlie to exerciſe and humble you by theis unexpected meanes. For although it be of veritie that the Lord ſum tyme chaſtiſeth his childrene, for uther cauſis then for ſinne; yit, doubtles, it is a goode chriſtian rule, that ſa oft as we fall in our calamitie, ſa oft we have recours to our awin hairtis, and examine our conſciences quhat iniquitie is in us. I tak then gryte overſichtis to haif bene in ſum of you in particular, and gryte overſightis to have bene in all in generall, for the whiche outwyles that ar among [us] ar this daye ſett ower you, and do vex you. As to particular perſonis, I wald be loth to ruffle the ſore of my Brethrene, and detect their infirmities, wer not that the fact is manifeſt to many; and next, that I ſee the errouris of the verie Sanctis regiſtrat in the regiſteris of God. The particular perſonis, then, ar the Paſtoris of the Kirk of Edinburgh for the tyme, who raſchelie behaved them ſelfis in that tumult at Edinburgh the 17 day of December 1596, to the gryte greif and diſgrace of the Prince. Their zeill mycht weill haif bene fervent, but the forme wes informall and undecent; I ſpeake it with regrett, for, being a preſent unlooker, I knaw quhat I ſaw and hard. The devill (no doubt) haid his pairt in his inſtrumentis in that tourne whiche cam on ſo ſuddenlie, and proceeded ſo confuſedlie muche lyke that ſeditioun in Epheſus, (Actis 19. 23, 29,) that guid men knew not what reſolutioun to tak. Alwayes, it ſo incenſed the Prince, that he entred in a mervelous jealouſie with the Kirk, and to this daye *manet alta mente repoſtum*, and is often caſtin in our teethe withall, as you all verie weel knaw. Withe my hairt I lament, that their ſuld be ſo juſte a caus; and as I ſuppoſe that ſum of theis Brethrene ar ſorie for it in thair inwaird hairt, ſo I wiſche to God that eyther by their ſinceir confeſſioun of ane offence, or by their temporall relegation, or by any other gracious caſtigatioun, the Prince's wrathe mycht be appeazed, and his jealouſie towardis the Kirk utterlie removed, and his unfainzed favour reconcealed; for why ſould the whole Kirk, through the inconſiderate raſchnes of thrie or four men, receave detriment?

Another erroure in the ſame men did no ſmall harme alſo, for whyleſt that unhappie Earle Bothwell maid ane inſurrection againſt the Prince,

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they ſuffered themſelfis to be abuſed withe flattering ſpeaches, perſuading them that it wes the libertie and defence of treu religioun (then *ſurmyſed* by the Earles of Huntlie, Errol, and Angous) that he intended; whiche in a pairt (ſuche wes thair facilitie) they credited: and for a tyme bure ane affection, and ſpake to the advantage of that Abſolome or Cataline, aye, and quhill his hypocriſie and treaſone wes cleirlie diſcovered. This increaſed the fyre, and broght a ſlander withe a diſgrace and trubbill upone the Kirk of God, albeit this errour preceeded the firſt mentioned.

As concerning faultis in generall, they ar of two ſortis, to wit, in your perſonis and in your callingis; in your perſonis their ar not onlie pardonable imperfectiones, but alſo, with your peace, Brethren, groſſe and intollerable vyces. And theis be they: In ſum their be a penſive pryde and faſtidious diſdainfulneſs, proceading by appearance from a ſelf conceate of them ſelfis; in vtheris, exceſſive cair and covetouſnes of worldie thingis joyned withe filthie lucre: In ſum, anger and impatiencie; in otheris evident impatiencie, eſpyed and deryded by the people: In ſum, craftines and partialitie; in otheris, facilitie in giving credite to fals reportis, and evill reportis: In ſum, a raſche borrowing and vntaking of vther mennis geir, and then a poſtponing and defrauding of the creditouris; in otheris, a lycht behaviour joyned withe geſting, and ane indecent libertie of ſpeache. Now, I ſay not, that all theis vyces ar in everie ane; but in everie ane ar ſum of them, except a few ſecreit ones, whome I doubt not but the Lord hathe ſanctifeit and ſeparated to him ſelf.

Agane, the errouris in your callinges ar double: *videlicet*, In your particular offices, and in your publict Aſſembleis: in executing your particular charges then, thair is a gryt negligence, a lothing, a perfunctorius doing; muche refuis in ſermonis delyvered without feeling, and prayer maid without fervencie, whiche argueth plainlie that thair laicketh reading, meditation, and dew preparation; and that whiche is moſt abhominable, thair is no turne of ſuche turpitude that requyreth the office of a Miniſter, but thair ſalbe a corrupt Miniſter, or a vyle Reader fund to performe it, as to gif furthe a fals teſtimonial; to baptiſe children procreat in fornicatioun, inceſt, or adulterie; to mak unlawfull mariages, I can not ſay ſolemnize them, becauſe they ar clandeſtine, and maid in a corner, or in the night without ſolemnitie, and yit ſuche ar ſufferit to beir offices in the Kirk of God: who can deny bot the impunitie and toleratioun of ſuche abuſes in the memberis do procure the Lordis indignatioun aganes the Lordis whole bodie? Surelie thair is gryt neid of Chryſtis whip to drive a den of theves out of his Fatheris hows. (Math. 21. 30. John, 2. 15.)

Fynallie, in your publict meittingis, (as Preſbitreis, Synodoll and Ge-

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nerall Aſſembleis,) their ar thrie abuſes that may be eſpyed. Firſt, confuſioun and immodeſt behaviour. Secondlie, ſuperficial handling of materis. Thridly, a partiall and preſumptuous forme of dealing of a few men who ar counted to be pillaris. The confuſione of your Aſſembleis is ſuche, that their is neyther reverence, ſylence, nor attendance: for when grave materis ar in hand, ſum ar whiſpering, and at thair quyet confabulatioun. Many ſpeake before they be requyred. And it can not ſuffice that one ſpeake attonce, bot a number all at once, and often tymes they that can worſt ſpeak have moſt ſpeache. And many ſpeak to ſmal purpois, in ſuch ſort, that it wald appeare, that men rather contend to have thair word about, then to gif licht for the deciſioun of anie wechtie caus. And, thairfoir, Civill men haif your Aſſembleis ower juſtlie in deriſioun and contempt, comparing them to Birlay courtis, where is much jangling. Sumtyme it wes not ſo, Brethren, bot now the gravitie and guid ordour of Civill Judicatories may mak you Theologues to be aſchamed. Moreover, when one day is paſt at your Synodoles, their is no moir bot a calling to the Moderator, Mak haſt, we muſt go home; and thei who have beſt moyen to remane, perhappis werie firſt; as thoght they cam not to do the wark of God, nor to regaird the weil of the Kirk, but onlie to mak a ſchew, to conferre, to drink with thair familiaris, and then go hame agane. Heirupon it cometh to pas, that poſt heiſt muſt be maid, and materis ſuperficiallie handled: Sum materis ar glanſed at, and contenued to the next Aſſemblie; a number of uther matteris ar referred to thair Preſbitreis, or to commiſſioneris; and gif anie mater go to voting, ſmal or no reaſoning goeth befoir, bot haiffing collected the ſuffrages of a four or fyve perſonis; then becaus no man ſayeth againſt it, ſilence is taken for conſent, and the mater concluded as a deade done by the whole Aſſemblie. The Lord be mercifull to you concerning theis thingis! Thridly, boithe in Preſbitreis and Aſſembleis, a few men haif the ſway; for luke what thei tak upone hand to reaſone and ſuſtaine, it muſt have place, and go through. And never ſaw I yit a perſoun ſo vyle, nor a fact ſo odious and of ſuche atrocitie, bot it ſuld have gottin ſum patrone to ſpeak for it, eyther to denye it, to diſguyſe it, to excuſe it, to extenuat it, or at leaſt to intreat for pardone to it: a vyle and lamentable thing to be hard in the men of God. Farther, ſoliſting, and requeſting by parteis, is admitted no les then among civill judges; whiche is preoccupeing of the mynd, and a thing prejudiciall to equitable judgment. Now, theis foirſaid leirned and wyſe men muſt not be controlled nor impugned by meane landwart teacheris, how zealous and uprycht ſoever they be, but muſt be reſpected for thair giftis; and gif perhappis anie wald inſiſt and mak oppoſitioun, he ſal be but mockit and borne downe by theis Rabbins. The gryteſt number, then, of Brethren in Preſbitreis and Aſſembleis, may

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be compared to the litill godis, *Minores Dij*, among the Gentill, quhilk thei called *Dij conſentes*. So the ring leideris among you ſay the word, and the reſt ſay, we think ſo too. Or as the letteres of the Alphabeth are devyded into vowellis and conſonants, ſo ar you. *Quot ſunt literæ?* (ſays the Rudiment.) It is anſwered, *Viginti duæ, &c. Quot ſunt ex his vocales? Quinque. Quæ?* a, e, i, o, u. *Quot ſunt conſonantes? Reliquæ omnes.* So may it be of you, my Brethrene, *Quot ſunt Presbiteri? Quamplures. Quot ſunt ex his vocales? Quinque vel ſex. Quot ſunt conſonantes? Reliqui omnes.* Alace, Brethrene, this maketh gude men to muſe, quhidder it wer better to haif a goode manifeſt ſtedfaſt Byſchope in a Preſbitrie, or to haif dyvers in effect, refuſing the name, pretending paritie, bot obſerving non: No queſtioun the grace and glorie of our Miniſtrie, of our Preſbitreis and Aſſembleis, is notablie decayed; and farr is all declined from that meaſour of perfectioun quhilk it haid, ſone after the beginning of Reformatioun.

Now I haif writtin foolyſchlie, Brethrene, in deciphering and devulgating your imperfectionis, and in making my ſelf odious to both pairteis; yea, to the Prince alſo, give perhappes my naked narratives, and bitter objurgationis agans Byſchopes cum to his long eares. Bot gif I be foolyſche, it is for your ſakes, and althogh ye wald compt me your enemie, becaus I tell you treuth, as the Galatians compted Paul, (Gal. 4. 16,) yit that ſaying of the Lord upholdeth me: Thow ſall not heate thy brother in thy heart, but thow ſall plainlie rebuke thy neighbour, and ſuffer him not to ſin. (Levit. 19. 17.) I heate you indeed as I heate my awin fleſche, even your imperfections, your ſins and not your ſelfis. Yit whether is it better, I pray you, that we confes theis thingis againſt our ſelfis, in ſinceritie, and endeavour to repair them ſeriouſlie; or that our enemeis exclame againſt us, and we to contenew ſlanderous to the Evangell? I wald not have any of you to think of your ſelfis, or one to think of ane uther, as Seneca thoght of Cato, quha ſaid in his defence, when ebrietie was objected to him, *Facilius quempiam effecturum crimen honeſtum quam turpem Catonem:* No, let us rather ſay in humilitie with the Apoſtle, In many thingis we ſin all, (Jam. 3. 2.) Their is no fleſch void of imperfectioun; but he in whome the Chriſtian vertews wey downe the imperfectionis, that man may be called a rychteous man indeed. But gif the imperfections and paſſiones prevaill, (yea a man may have ane touth that diſgraceth all his vertewis,) that man may be compted in the rank of evill and unrenewed men.

Therefore, my Brethren, let the Lord be reſtored agane to his honour on all handis, althoght it wer to our ſchame, by our confeſſioun, humiliatioun, and reſipiſcence, that we may have to do with a pacified God, through the mediation of his Sone. Then the Lord that hath the hairtis

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of all Princes in his handis, ſall inclyne the heart of our Prince to regaird the eſtait of our diſtreſſed Kirk: Our God ſall build up the ruines of Jeruſalem, and ſall mak hir ane eternall glorie and a joye from generatioun to generatioun, (Iſay, 60. 15.); for the Lord exerciſeth his Kirk with viciſſitudes of diſtreſſe and of comfort, and ever hath done in all aiges, ſo that this is no new thing. As for me, poor wretche, O that I eyther had wingis lyke a dowe that I mycht flie away and reſt, (Pſal. 55. 6,) or that the peace and holynes of the Kirk might be procured by my death! Yit ſall my ſaul reſt in howpe; I ſchould have fanted except I haid beleved to ſee the goodnes of the Lord in the land of the leving. (Pſal. 27. 13.) Mak heiſt, thairfoir, O Lord, and tarie not. The Grace of our Lorde Jeſus Chryſt be with you all. AMEN.

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